Chas M Hovey

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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Editorial.

VEGETABLES FOR HOME USE.

It is an old saying "that shoemaker's wives and blacksmith's horses go without shoes," and it is equally true that the table of the farmer often shows a great lack of good vegetables. We have visited and known farmer's families where the only vegetable in common use was the potato, which was moderately used with large quantities of pork, the latter generally fried though sometimes boiled. We have been in other families of farmers when even though they were poor nevertheless enjoyed an abundance of all the vegetables, and not a few of the fruits, including the strawberry. If pork was used it was boiled with the cabbage only to season it. We need not discuss pork here to any extent as an article of food, for we all admit that it has its uses, but we cannot admit that it is as healthful food as are the vegetables that can be so freely and cheaply grown. It would seem strange that we need talk to farmers about raising and eating more vegetables when they are the very persons who should and do raise them. The farmers about the large cities supply vegetables to those who cannot raise them, and this latter class do as a rule appreciate them more fully than the producers, even though they do not get them in the same fresh condition for their tables that the farmer could have them for his own. Thousands in the cities yearn for a little land on which they may raise crops of fruit and vegetables so that they may have the products of the soil in the best condition.

If it is a pleasure to eat, and most men regard it so, why may not the farmer, as well as he who dines at Parker's or Young's, extend the pleasures and attractions of his table by placing thereon the fresh products of his soil in the shape of good healthful vegetables and fruits? It certainly costs less to supply such food than to purchase that brought to the door by the butcher or the grocer, to say nothing of its advantages in the way of enjoyment and health. We do not wish to be regarded as vegetarians, using no animal food, not by any means; we fully believe in an animal as well as a vegetable diet, but what we do want and are seeking to impress upon the minds of our readers is a greater regard for and use of fresh vegetables daily on the tables of farmers where they are now seldom seen. Why is there such indifference in this direction? We have often asked this question and received a variety of answers. One says, "it is too much trouble to raise so many things; we prefer to raise milk or stock or something else that pays better." Another answers, "my father never raised many vegetables and I was not brought up to eat them, and so I have never cared much about them." The third says, "it is an acquired taste this eating tomatoes, celery, and such things, and I don't see any great good in it." Many such answers are given and seem to satisfy those who give them only. Man's real wants are few, it is true, and he can live with but few articles of food. It would seem more natural that we should prefer fruits and vegetables, the natural productions of the soil than many things that have come to be eaten and taken in the place of more healthful food. It is true that one has to acquire a taste for some of the vegetables raised now-a-days, such as celery, tomatoes, etc., that all are ready to admit are good for man, but so does man have to acquire a taste for tobacco in all its forms, a filthy and injurious thing, for whiskey, rum and other intoxicating drinks, the effects of which are often if not always injurious. Those who see oysters served for the first time generally show a dislike to them, but come in time to be very fond of them. No good reason can be given by any cultivator of the soil for not raising vegetables in these days of improved varieties. The time was when our fathers had but a limited list to select from, and even the best only of ordinary quality as compared with those within our reach. The fact that it takes land, dressing, and labor to produce these vegetables is no reason why they should not be grown. Many of them who offer this excuse will often spend more time at the grocery store or on the street talking politics to no purpose, than would be needed to insure an abundant supply of the best vegetables for home use for many months. We often hear it said that we can lay up no money on a farm, only get a living. We do not assent to this view of it, but if it be true, then why should not such a man get the best living he can out of it as he goes along, and in order to do so raise the crops he can use and enjoy?

Now we believe that it is the duty of every man to make the most of himself and his surroundings during the short years that he remains here. If one's lot is cast upon the farm, either from choice or force of circumstances, then let him do all he can to get the greatest amount of happiness for himself and family, if he has one, from his farm.

We believe that more real enjoyment may be had on the farm by one who enjoys the business of farming than in any other walk of life, because the farmer has so much within his own control and is so little dependent upon others. He ought to secure from the farm the highest and widest enjoyment that it can yield.

He should have his own horse, or horses, not only for work but for driving; he should have a cow or cows, for fresh milk, and butter, too, if possible; should raise all the fruits that can profitably be grown, including strawberries and other small fruits; should keep hens for the advantage of fresh eggs, and last but not least, he should raise an abundance of vegetables. Not merely potatoes, and a few pumpkins among the corn for pies about Thanksgiving time, but such a list as we give below, all of which can be profitably grown for one's own use. Were we to call upon those of our readers who have been in the habit of doing just this thing to give us the results of their experience, they would, we doubt not, unanimously endorse all we have said and give additional reasons why the farmer should enjoy the luxuries that are within his reach and that cost so little. Not only should vegetables be grown, but the aim of the good housewife should be to so cook and prepare them as to make them as attractive and palatable as possible. It is said that few know or care to know how to cook a potato and make the most of it. The same may be true of other vegetables. When we have been asked, "Why do you grow so many varieties?" we answer that we will extend the range of flavors as much as possible. If all kinds of food had the same taste we should soon become as tired of it as those old grumblers did who were confined to a diet of manna. We should take a new fruit or vegetable if it possessed no other quality than that of a different flavor. Reader, have you ever thought what a range of flavors is offered you in fruits and vegetables? Have you really thought of these things, and enjoyed them the more as you remembered the facts?

If we have seemed to repeat the same thoughts, and put things a little strongly, it is for the purpose of fixing it more fully and strongly in the minds of our readers, so that they will this coming season act upon our suggestions, and having once done so, we have no fear that they will go to old habits.

We now give such a list of vegetables as as we think every one who has a garden or farm should grow for his own use. Asparagus, without fail. Beans, bush and pole, horticultural and Lima pole. Beets, Egyptian for early, Dewing's Early Blood and Long Smooth Blood for winter use. Cabbages, Early York, Improved Savoy, Drumhead Savoy and Red Dutch. Carrots, Short Horn for early, Long Orange for late. Cauliflower, Early Paris, and Large white Erfurt. Celery, Boston Market. Sweet Corn, Marblehead Early Sweet, Crosby's Early, and Excelsior. Cucumbers, Early Russian, and White Spine. Egg Plant, New York Improved. Lettuce, Black Seeded Tennis Ball, Early Curled Silesia and Drumhead. Melons, Christiana and Nutmeg. Watermelons, Mountain Sweet and Black Spanish. Onions, Yellow Danvers. Parsnep, Hollow Crowned or Guernsey. Peas, Kentish Invicta, McLean's Advancer, and Champion of England. Radish, Early Long Scarlet. Rhubarb, Linnaeus and Victoria, Spanish, Large Leaved. Squash, Summer Crookneck, for early, Turban and Hubbard for fall and winter use. Tomatoes, Boston Market and Paragon for later. Turnip, Purple Top Flat, and Loring's Improved Swede.

This list could be greatly extended to profit, but none should raise less than the above, and many we hope will raise a larger number of varieties to get the widest range of flavors. Other sorts may do as well as some we have given, but these we know to be good.

TIMELY TOPICS.

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

Who has not noticed the difference in the surroundings of farmers' homes as they have been travelling? Some are neat and tasty, with everything picked up and in its proper place, with neat buildings (they need not be of great cost,) and trees and flowers about them, and a well kept garden, as well as other crops, well tended; while others are seen with an old dilapidated house, with old hats and coats tucked into the windows, and other buildings in like condition; fences all tumbling down, weeds and briars everywhere, carts, wagons, ploughs, harrows, and other farming tools all about the house or in the field where last used—everything points to shiftlessness and neglect.

Now I believe in improving and beautifying one's home. Set out shade trees and shrubs and cultivate flowers; clean up the front yard and around all the other buildings too. By all means try to make the farm attractive to all members of the family. If a farmer has a taste for the beautiful, he may have the most delightful home of anybody, because he has the land, and time to make it pretty, by planting trees, shrubs, vines, etc., about it. The time for setting out trees, etc., is rapidly approaching, and every farmer ought to have his eyes open and see what he can do to improve the surroundings of the old homestead, on the opening of spring.

THE WOOD-PILE.

This should now be immediately fitted for the stove and placed under cover to season, as it is more valuable when seasoned under cover than out of doors.

CARE OF COWS.

Cows about to come in need the best of care. I have seen cows become worthless, or nearly so, from want of proper care at this time, and probably the reader has also.

GRAFTING.

There are but few orchards in which there are a few trees that bear fruit which is worthless or nearly so, and there are also many scattering trees in the same condition. Now if these trees were properly grafted it would be but a short time before they would produce fine fruit. Grafting is a simple operation, and every farmer and farmer's boy ought to be able to do it, as well as budding. When scions are cut on the farm or in the neighborhood where they are to be set, the cutting may as well be delayed until they are wanted for use; but if they are to be brought from a distance, now is the time to cut them. They should be cut when not frozen, and packed in moist sand or sawdust, and kept in that condition until used. I prefer sawdust, because it is cleaner and not gritty.

HELP.

Farmers will now be hiring their help for the coming season, and considerable care should be given to the matter, to get good, reliable help, even if a little extra wages have to be paid. In this section really good help is scarce, and it is so in many places. It is sometimes the case that a man can be hired for a year about as cheap as for eight or nine months, and it is often good policy to hire for a year, if a good hand can be got, and then hire him over again at the end of the year, if you can. Care should be had as to the habits of a man to be hired, especially if children are to associate with him; and it should be seen that he does not use profane or vulgar language—this should be strictly forbidden. Many boys first learn to use profane language through associating with the hired men.

F. H. D.

SPRING CARE OF THE ORCHARD.

As soon as the frost leaves the surface of the ground and we have a few days of warm sunshine, the grub of the canker worm will leave its winter quarters, and take up its line of march for the trunks of apple trees, up which, if no obstruction prevents, it will climb to deposit, on the smaller branches, its eggs. Apple trees in locations where this destructive enemy is found, should be at once looked after; if they are not protected by patent protectors, a strip of tarred paper a foot in width should be tied around the trunk and kept well covered with tar, printer's ink, or a preparation made by melting four parts of rosin with one part linseed oil. The greatest care should be taken to keep the paper covered, during the remainder of this month and the month of April, so thick with some sticky substance that no grub can pass over it. Trees that are protected with patent protectors should also be looked to; the tins should be kept filled with oil, and the trunks of the trees, back of the protectors should be carefully examined to discover any worms that may have found lodgment. The material which is usually placed between the tin and the tree to keep the grub of the canker worm from passing up affords an excellent lodging place for a very destructive worm that eats the inside bark of the tree in a similar manner to the borer, except that he is not as long lived, and therefore does not have time to eat as much; in size he is not more than two-thirds as large as the apple tree borer, and he has a very flat head. After carefully cutting out all of the worms and the diseased portions of the bark, the wounds should be rubbed over with hard soap. The practice of thoroughly scraping the trunks and large limbs every spring, and then whitewashing them, we believe to be an injurious one. While it may be well to remove the loose bark it is unwise to cover the fresh under bark with a coating of any material; the plea that it kills many insects that are injurious to the tree will not bear a close examination; quite as many insects that are beneficial to vegetation, are destroyed in this way as are killed that are destructive to vegetation. Surely it does not destroy borers, girdlers, canker worms, tent caterpillars, fall caterpillars, or the apple midge; but it does drive away both spiders and ants. The real enemies of the fruit trees do not take up their winter quarters under the bark of the trees. We have seen many orchards injured by whitewash and by washing with water made too strong with potash.

If the borers have not been kept out of the trees no time should be lost in making a thorough examination of every tree, removing every borer; to make sure that none are left a second examination should be made early in May, when the tree may be protected during the summer with a small mound of gravel or coarse sand placed around the tree; this is a much better protector than paper, ashes or lime, or in fact anything we have ever tried.

As soon as the small leaves begin to grow the apple orchard should be examined for tent caterpillars; this should be done early in the morning looking towards the rising sun; in this way small nests of worms just hatched out may be readily seen, and should be removed with a conical brush tied to the end of a light pole; the brush should be occasionally dipped into kerosene oil.

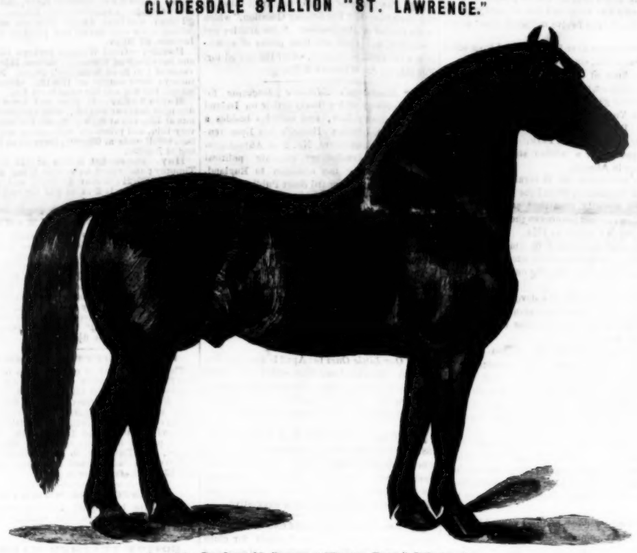
The plum orchard should be looked to as soon as the weather will permit; every black knob should be cut off and burned and the wound covered with spirits of turpentine, but only a very thin coating should be put on. The peach orchard should be looked after; if the branches are to be shortened back no time should be lost, but it should be done at once. Every tree that shows indications of the yellows should be not only cut down but the roots should be dug out and the land well dressed with potash and lime. No borers should be permitted to injure the peach orchard but every precaution should be taken to keep them out; the same remedy will apply to the peach as the apple tree. The peach orchard that promises a crop of fruit the coming season should have a liberal dressing of manure that is rich in both potash and lime; both of which, many believe, contain elements that are not only beneficial to the fruit but also a preventive of the yellows.

The pear orchard that is to produce fruit the coming season should be kept in the best condition, and the soil should be liberally supplied with fertilizers, if it is desired to get the best quality of fruit.

As few if any orchadists are fortunate enough to plant the first time just the varieties of fruit they want, every spring comes up the question as to what changes in varieties shall be made. Before a new variety is introduced it is always best to see, not only the tree, but to also test the fruit; even then we are often disappointed; the tree and the fruit under our management not coming up to our expectations. Scions that are to be set this season should be cut at once, placed in a box packed in moist earth and the box kept in a cool dark place; in such position they will keep until midsummer. The best time to set such scions, we have found to be when the buds are just breaking open on the tree into which they are to be set. If scions are to be taken fresh from the tree and set the grafting must be done earlier, say from the 15th to the 20th, of April. In changing large trees care must be taken not to cut off too much in any one year, one-third is as much as it is safe to remove at one time; the top and centre of the tree should be grafted, first the sides, and lower branches last. Grafting wax is now almost universally used to cover the end of the branch around the scions. Our fathers used clay mixed with one-third cow manure; this was kept in place with tow or strips of rags. From observation and experience we think that this material has never been surpassed, though it is more labor to use it; this is probably the reason it has been so generally abandoned. We are satisfied the wounds do not heal so readily with wax as with clay.

As this is not the bearing year for apple trees it is a good time to prune them, although we should prefer to cut off large limbs at some other season of the year. As soon as the leaves begin to expand the wounds will not bleed, and may be covered with a coat of thick paint; this will keep the air and water out, and prevent decay until it is healed over. If the wound is kept well covered with paint large limbs may be removed at any season when the sap does not wet the wounds where the limbs are cut off, before the paint dries; and the wound will heal up before it begins to decay.

CLYDESDALE STALLION "ST. LAWRENCE."



Owned by Dr. JOHN M. BAILEY, "Winning Farm," Billerica, Mass.

St. Lawrence was imported from Vercheres Co., Canada, July, 1880, by Dr. J. M. Bailey, of Ensilage fame, for use at his Virginia Stock Farm in Sussex Co., Va. His sire was imported from France by the Vercheres Co. Stock Company. Dam was sired by one of the finest Clydesdale stallions ever imported into Canada. His dam was a St. Lawrence mare inheriting in a marked degree the characteristics which rendered "Old St. Lawrence" so remarkable.

He weighs 1400 pounds, can trot a mile in less than 4 minutes, and shows what may be achieved by blending the two most noted breeds of draft horses, viz., the Percheron and the Clydesdale, tempered and refined by a thoroughbred cross.

THE "ENSILAGE" QUESTION.

BY PROF. C. A. GOESSMANN.

[A Paper read at the Hampshire Institute at Amherst, Saturday, March 12.]

The uncommon interest of late so generally manifested in the discussion concerning the merits of the silo system, is but a deserved appreciation of the important agricultural problem which that mode of keeping fodder—in the opinion of its advocates—is destined to solve. As the question, How to feed our farm live stock in a rational and economical manner can only be considered as second in importance in a general farm management to the question, How to raise our farm crops in the most economical way, it seems but judicious to investigate carefully any system of operation new to our farm practice which proposes to improve our present means of securing economically an increased supply of a good fodder; and therefore may enable us to support more live stock; and to render stock feeding for the dairy and the meat market more remunerative.

The reduced area and quite frequent exhausted condition of our natural pastures; the large demand for fodder in the dairy and stock raising business; the increasing prospects of a remunerative production of meat for the general market; the gradual change of an extensive system of general farming to an intensive culture;—each in their own way tend to direct our attention to the consideration of the fodder question. The increased production of fodder crops of various descriptions is one of the most characteristical features in our more recent, intensive system of a rational farm management. Throughout the most successful farming districts of Europe from one-third to one-half of the entire area of cultivated lands is devoted to the raising of fodder. The statement that plenty of fodder produces plenty of manure; and that plenty of home-made manure produces a plenty of remunerative crops, is there accepted among farmers as being a safe rule.

As the introduction of the discussion of the silo system into our agricultural periodicals is comparatively speaking of recent date, and as the actual tests in our farm practice are still of an exceptional occurrence, it is by no means strange that quite opposite views regarding its real merits in our situation find their advocates. The difference of opinion is apparently in a large measure due to the following circumstances:

First—A misapprehension regarding the composition and general character of the silo product—the ensilage—as compared with the original green crop.

Second—A difference of opinion regarding the mode of determining the particular value of any article of fodder.

Third—The adoption of different values for the estimation of expenses to be necessarily incurred in the construction of the silos and the handling of the green fodder for the manufacture of the ensilage.

These last points having been already discussed, I shall confine myself to a consideration of the two first named circumstances.

Influence of the Silo Treatment on the Green Fodder.

The preservation of fodder in silos has been carried on in Europe for many years, and is there at present recommended in the case of juicy plants or parts of plants, and of certain vegetable refuse matter from several branches of industry. Prominent among these substances are the stalks and leaves of Indian corn in blossom, the leaves of the sugar beet roots, the stem and leaves of potatoes; grass and clover in wet seasons, the refuse pulp of the beet from beet sugar factories, the potato refuse and grain refuse from starch and glucose factories; frost-bitten potatoes and roots of various description; even coarse grass-like plants like rushes (Juncaceæ), and sedges (Cyperaceæ), which as a rule in their green state are but little relished by cattle, have in some instances been prepared in silos in a quite palatable and reasonably digestible cattle food.

The treatment of these and similar articles for the conversion into ensilage or sour fodder is usually carried out either in dry ditches in case of a compact soil, or in water tight cisterns constructed for that purpose. The material—green fodder or factory refuse—is usually reduced to a proper size to admit of close packing; horses are frequently used to secure the desired compactness of the contents of the silo, and a layer of earth several feet in thickness, serves, in most instances, as a sufficient covering. The success of the entire operation depends on a careful packing down of the mass, especially along the sides of the silo, and an efficient covering to prevent as far as practicable a free access of the air. The contents of a carefully prepared silo undergo soon changes in various directions in consequence of a slow and peculiar process of fermentation which usually continues for several weeks before the ensilage may be considered matured and fit for use. The general character of the ensilage in a successful operation depends largely on the composition of the material which served for its production; in some instances it contains alcohol and acetic acid (the acid of the vinegar); in others mainly lactic acid (the acid of the sour milk); and again in others even free ammonia compounds. Very juicy plants shrink seriously, losing a large proportion of their watery vegetation. Badly constructed silos are for this reason apt to permit the loss of valuable soluble plant constituents by leakage. The saccharine and amylaceous (starch) constituents of plants are in particular liable to suffer a serious transformation into compounds of a doubtful feeding value; the nitrogenous compounds present are usually affected by the process. The ensilage contains for this reason in some instances a larger percentage of nitrogenous matter than the green fodder which served for its production. The cellular matter undergoes quite frequently a partial disintegration, and becomes thereby in a higher degree digestible. The color of the silo product depends on the success of the treatment—in case of green fodder it is either green or yellowish green; its odor is peculiar, yet not unpleasant. As an article of fodder it is in many instances even preferred by cattle to the original green fodder.

Corn Ensilage.

The preservation of the green corn fodder in silos has acquired of late years considerable prominence in Austria and France. Both countries contain large areas of land which by climatical conditions are well fitted for an advantageous cultivation of the corn. The well known successful and extensive use of the silos in the beet sugar industry of those countries (the keeping of the roots and of the root refuse pulp) has there apparently greatly stimulated inquiries into their usefulness for general farm practice. The corn ensilage serves to-day in those countries on small farms quite frequently to make up the deficiency in fodder caused by the use of the sugar beet root to distant sugar factories. The fact that the Indian corn represents with us the leading fodder crop imparts a peculiar interest to the question—what becomes of the green corn fodder in the silo? As our home experiments with corn ensilage have been made thus far,* without any comparative examination of the composition of the ensilage as compared with its original green corn, I am obliged to describe the results of a careful investigation into this question carried on upon the grounds of the distinguished agricultural experiment station at Vienna, by Professor Moser and Von Gobren.

The green corn fodder was cut at an early stage of blooming, and packed without any after preparation into silos of medium size. A several feet thick layer of earth served as covering. An analysis of the green corn fodder before entering the silo and after its removal as ensilage, gave in two independent experiments the following results, which may be more easily understood by the average reader if we describe briefly how we record analyses of fodder. First, ascertain the amount of dry matter, and thus learn the state of moisture; then determine the amount of nitrogenous matter; then find amount of fat, ascribing to fat a higher physiological value than to the remaining non-nitrogenous constituents of the plant, subsequently separate the soluble portion from the crude fibre, and finally ascertain the ash constituents. This mode of analysis aims at a specified statement of the relative proportion of the four essential groups of constituents, which are considered from a physiological standpoint as essential for the support of animal life.

TABLE A.

	Dry matter	Ash	Crude fibre	Non-nitrogenous matter	Fat	Nitrogenous matter	Water
Fresh green corn fodder,	19.85	0.60	6.67	10.82	0.75	0.90	79.15
Ensilage from depth of 15 inches in the silo,	31.44	1.90	8.58	16.28	2.36	1.96	68.56
Ensilage from depth of 30 inches in the silo,	21.01	1.01	10.38	7.48	1.18	1.06	78.99

TABLE B.

	Dry matter	Ash	Crude fibre	Non-nitrogenous matter	Fat	Nitrogenous matter	Water
Fresh green corn fodder,	12.60	0.64	7.70	3.24	0.93	0.99	87.40
Ensilage from depth of 15 inches in the silo,	17.54	0.84	9.04	5.76	1.11	0.80	82.46
Ensilage from depth of 30 inches in the silo,	16.23	0.83	9.23	4.73	1.01	0.93	83.77

*Dr. Goessmann's analyses of a sample of Mr. Bailey's corn ensilage does not refer to any definite sample of green corn fodder, as none of the material which entered the silo was sent for examination.

†Entire average sample from four different silos.

‡Some extremes of composition.

The corn ensilage contains in both instances various alcoholic products besides a considerable amount of volatile fatty acids. The slight alteration in the percentage of ash constituents proves that fermentation in the real cause of loss of organic matter which in this case at different depths of the silo amounted to from 27 to 34.70 per cent. The loss in non-nitrogenous matter amounted to from 54 to 57 per cent; that of the nitrogenous matter of from 27 to 34 per cent; that of fat from 3 to 13 per cent; that of crude fiber from 3.4 to 12.4 per cent. Those who are familiar with the transformation of starch and sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid, in consequence of fermentation know that from 45 to 50 per cent of weight of the sugar form carbonic acid and pass into the air. Sweet corn is for this reason liable to sustain larger losses in organic matter than the less saccharine variety of Indian corn.

The composition of the corn ensilage taken from the different silos differs in a similar degree (as far as either the entire contents or that from its different depths is concerned) as that of different samples of green corn fodder. A few analytical results regarding this circumstances may illustrate these relations:

	Ensilage.*	Green corn fodder.†
Water,	77.84 to 83.93	78.9 to 85.7
Nitrogenous matter,	0.706 to 1.56	0.9 to 2.0
Fat,	0.62 to 1.11	0.4 to 0.7
Non-nitrogenous mat'r,	8.78 to 9.17	8.4 to 13.3
Crude Fiber,	4.26 to 10.38	4.6 to 5.9
Ash,	0.93 to 1.26	1.0 to 1.1

From the previous analytical statements it will be quite plain that the recommendation of the average sample of corn ensilage representing the contents of an entire silo cannot well be based on its highest feeding value, pound for pound as compared with the original green corn fodder. The increased digestibility of the cellular matter (crude fiber) of the ensilage, and the small, if any, increase of the nitrogen matter is from a physiological as well as from a commercial standpoint, considered, to say the least, a very doubtful compensation for the sugar and starch destroyed by the fermentation of the corn fodder in the silo. A rational and economical feeding of the corn ensilage, as well as of the green corn fodder, except when fed for mere sustenance in case of full grown stock, requires an addition of some stronger article of food, as common hay, clover hay, oil cakes, etc., to meet the requirements of either growth or work, or of production of milk or of flesh. The silo system for the preservation of fodder furnishes no exception to the rule that all our practical current modes of preserving fodder are accompanied with a loss in quantity and quality of valuable plant constituents; and also that any attainable higher feeding value of our fodder crops is almost invariably secured at a sacrifice of quantity. The question of waste is simply a matter of degree, when comparing existing modes of keeping fodder with that unavoidably connected with the silo system.

Having pointed out in a cursory manner some of the serious features in the silo system for the preservation of corn fodder, it remains for me to discuss briefly some of the circumstances which tend to make the introduction of the silo in our farm practice.

A Valuable Addition to Our Present Modes of Keeping Fodder,

and that of increasing materially our resources for farm improvements. The working of the silo for preserving fodder is independent of the weather, an advantage of particular importance in the case of hay crops as largely represented among our fodder plants. The exceptional large period of time required to change that class of plants (of which the corn is a conspicuous representative) into dry fodder, endangers in a higher degree their original quality than in the case of common hay. An exposure of green crops to rain, even for a short time during hay making, alters the quality of the hay resulting under such conditions far more than usually suspected. Good lucern hay lost in consequence of an exposure to some rain shower, during two days, 7.13 per cent of its dry matter; in another case it had lost during an exposure of six days 16.7 per cent of its dry matter. Clover hay, exposed for two weeks to frequent rain showers had lost from 20 to 25 per cent. of its nutritive constituents, and of its soluble in water constituents 45 to 48 per cent. The nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous soluble plant constituents are mainly affected by rain. The stage of growth, the more or less advanced state of the hay, beside the surrounding temperature, control here to a large extent the loss of soluble, valuable organic substances. The juicy and bulky character of the corn stalks and leaves render them in a particular degree liable to such influences during their drying period, in unfavorable weather.

Recent careful investigations have proved that a mere drying of our common fodder crops, as grass, clover and other leguminous plants, does not affect their digestibility; the green fodder and the dry fodder or hay—representing in each case the entire vegetable substance from the same plant in the same stage of growth—have shown when fed a corresponding race of animals a similar dry substance. We, however, therefore, the production of dry fodder (hay) can be carried on in a short time and in a satisfactory manner, the largest amount of the fodder of the highest attainable feeding value may be secured from that plant and no other current mode of preserving fodder can equal it as far as quantity is concerned. Although admitting the fact that the silo system of keeping fodder is in a high degree liable to cause a waste of much valuable nutritive constituents, in consequence of an inherent serious feature, fermentation, it can not be denied that its application for the preservation of green corn fodder has also some special strong points and redeeming features in its favor, namely:

The Indian corn is one of our most reliable crops. The corn crop furnishes a large amount of vegetable matter (20 to 25 tons per acre, with from 16 to 24 per cent of dry matter, or from 5 to 6 tons of stover, containing 73 per cent of dry matter.) It presents peculiar difficulties to cure well in the field; and the corn ensilage is highly relished by all kinds of stock and without any loss by refuse matter consumed by cattle. When we consider in addition to these exceptional advantages—which the introduction of the silos into our home farm management promises to secure for us—that the discussion of the feeding value of the corn ensilage cannot otherwise but direct the attention of the entire farming community towards a careful investigation of the whole fodder question, it becomes most desirable that the financial side of the ensilage production should receive the most careful practical investigation on the part of the farmer.

The Poultry Interest.

KEEP YOUR BEST BREEDERS.

[Poultry Journal.]

On no consideration should the fancier dispose of his best breeding stock, unless he desires fresh blood to keep up the stamina and constitutional vigor of his fowls by procuring the same kind of first class stock, but not related, to take the place of those he has been breeding from. At this season and in the Spring-time there is a brisk demand for good breeding stock, and those who need such and know their real value are willing to pay a good price for them. Breeders who are fortunate to have raised a goodly share of early hatched birds can now supply their customers with prime young stock without lessening their breeding pens. But sometimes there is a big price offered for some of those retained as breeders that looking so tempting that the owner parts with them, thinking that some of the young stock would in no way be inferior as stock getters. The possession of the best possible breeding stock is a matter of consideration and of paramount importance to every breeder of thoroughbred poultry. The best is not too good; but when one becomes the possessor of extra stock getters, reliable in the uniform products that come from them, it would be poor policy to sell them although offered a big price. If the would-be purchaser considers such fowls equivalent in value to what he offers in cash for his special use as breeders, why would not the same fowls in the hands of their owners be as valuable for the same purpose?

☞ The grand total value of the grape production of California last year was $3,500,000 in the producers' hands.

The Horse.

"HORSES' FEET."

To the Editor of the Mass. Ploughman:

Being very much interested in the subject of horses' feet, I was much pleased with the article in the *Ploughman* of Feb. 19th. For the benefit of others interested I will give you my experience with unshod horses last summer. Having a young mare with naturally splendid feet, I took off her shoes in March last, and let her stand in a box stall until early spring, when I began working on my farm barefoot, teaming manure, picking stones, ploughing, harrowing, &c. She worked almost every day; some of my land is fearfully stony, and the stones many of them sharp and rough. I also drove her some on the road; she travelled perfectly. I turned her out to pasture through the summer. The pasture was full of large flat rocks cropping out just flush with the turf, so that a horse would walk over them. When I took her up to work her in early fall she was so sore that she shuffled along the road, though naturally a horse of high action, and limped every time she stepped on a pebble. I attribute this to the constant walking over the flat rocks in the pasture. This summer I shall try her barefoot on the farm and road, not turning her in that pasture. I shall also try a weanling colt, breaking and using her when old enough without ever having a shoe on her. This winter I drove the mare with one fore foot bare on the hardest icy sleighing, and she traveled without a single slip of the bare foot, although a horse had to be pretty sharp shod to travel without slipping. I believe the time will come when horses will be used barefoot. I am fully convinced that two-thirds of the lame horses are made so by shoeing, and the other third lies at the door of the owner. Not one horse in ten owned by farmers in this neighborhood has a perfect foot. Not more than one farmer in ten knows what a perfect foot is, and not more than one country blacksmith in twenty knows the first principles of shoeing a horse correctly. Respectfully,

I. T.

Goffstown, N. H., March 1, 1881.

Correspondence.

"SILOS"—"ENSILAGE."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It may seem out of place for a doctor to pick at an agricultural editor, but knowing you so well through the *Ploughman*, I feel at liberty to tell you what I have seen with my own eyes. An enterprising young farmer, Mr. Clemence, a neighbor of mine, constructed a silo of *boards* with tarred paper between, in one corner of his barn and cellar, twelve feet square and twelve feet deep. Into this he put what corn fodder he had, and on top what rowen he had, filling the silo near full. The latter was put in uncut. This was covered and weighted. About Thanksgiving time he opened it, and it was quite as fragrant as the sample I showed you. When he came to his corn fodder that was found to have kept just as well as mine in a cement silo. There was not a *single pound lost*, and his cattle ate it ravenously, largely increasing the quantity of milk. Does this not demonstrate the fact that a silo can be built of wood? He did not bank his up with earth, but he shuts up his barn cellar in winter. I would say to the small farmer that what has been done once can be done again.

A good many farmers have visited my stock, thinking they must be poor; but they all say they look sleek and fat. It is true those in the greatest flow of milk have two quarts of cotton seed meal and the others a pint dish full every day. I do not believe they have any more, as my men know they would be discharged if they disobeyed orders. I bought two tons of cotton seed meal last fall, and it is not near gone yet. Divide this among sixteen cows, and you will see they could not have had much more. They have also had a feed of roots or beet, and one foddering of good hay pulp every day. My stock has been quite as large as usual, yet I have for the first time been able to sell several tons of hay. A good time to sell when you can get $25 per ton. My customers say my milk is very rich. I do not believe that there can be a cheaper way to press than with stones. I presume ten loads would weigh twenty-five tons. I would not have my rowen cut if I could, as it handles so much better when taken out. All silos should be so constructed as to be filled easily, and so attached to the stable that it can be easily thrown into it, otherwise the increase of labor required would decrease the profits. I am satisfied that forty tons of fodder corn and five tons of rye can be raised on an acre. Only this winter a gentleman informed me that he raised twenty-five (25) tons after getting off two crops of hay. This is a great subject; let us have the *pros* and *cons*.

Yours truly, L. W. C.

Globe Village, Feb. 28th, 1881.

POTATO CHEESE.

A foreign exchange describes the process of making cheese from potatoes, as it is practiced in Thuringia and Saxony. After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to a large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and after becoming cool they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and cheeses are placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade and placed in layers in large vessels where they must remain for fifteen days. The older the cheeses are the more their quality improves. Three kinds are made. The first and most common is made as detailed above, the second, with four parts of potatoes and two parts of curdled milk; the third, with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses it is claimed, have this advantage over other kinds, that they do not engender worms and keep fresh for a number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation and in well-closed vessels.—*Ex.*

☞ However valuable commercial fertilizers are, still barnyard manure is king.

The Apiary.

BEE CULTURE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Some four months ago we conceived the idea of advertising in the *Ploughman*. It was something of a new departure for us, for dealers in bees and apiarian supplies usually seek papers and journals devoted to bee culture as an advertising medium. However, we are quite well satisfied with the result thus far. We are receiving about every day orders for bees and supplies, and are shipping goods to places where we really supposed the *Ploughman* had never been. We are glad to know that the *Ploughman* has so extensive a circulation, and is read by so many. We are also receiving many letters from different ones asking advice as to what they must do with the black bees they now have in old box hives, about commencing to keep bees, whether we think they can do anything with them or not. To answer all these letters takes much valuable time, and through your kindness we should like to answer some of these questions that are thus presented to us, in the columns of the *Ploughman*. Who should keep bees? There are a great many who can keep bees, but it would be absurd to say that nearly every one could keep them successfully. Very many, even in this age of improvement, are keeping their bees in the old box hive and desire to know what kind of a hive to get.

Bees need management just as much as horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, or any other kind of farm stock. What profit would you derive from your farm stock if left to themselves? Very little could be expected; precisely so with your bees. We do not hesitate to say, because we know from actual experience, that there is a profit derived from keeping bees, which is just as sure as the annual product of an intelligently managed farm or garden, but a person must have some adaptation and taste for them, and become thoroughly posted and acquainted with the nature and instinct of the honey bee, and then have a hive that will admit of access to them, so that they can control them.

Keeping bees in the old box hive is entirely out of date, and the sooner it is abandoned and got out of the way the better. We would not advise any one to get any high priced or patented hive; the most simple hive you can get the better, but by all means it should be a movable frame hive. We have tried many kinds of hives, and our experience has been that the most costly and complicated hives were the most worthless. A hive should be made well and of good stock, and in adopting any kind of a hive it is well to get those that are the most extensively used, as it is much easier to get supplies for them. Then the bees must be transferred from the old box hive. And right here is where you need some good bee book, and no one who keeps not more than one colony even, can afford to be without some good manual of apiculture, the cost of which is trifling when compared with its value and utility.

We find quite a good many people here in the New England States who think this is not a good locality to keep bees, with a view to profit. To all such we have this to say, that if they will take the trouble to visit our home apiary, we think we can convince them that such is not the case, but on the contrary that Massachusetts or most any where in the New England States, bees may be kept as profitably as in many of the western States where large numbers are now kept.

There are a great many bee keepers in Massachusetts; only a small proportion of them are up with the times. A great majority are still in the dark ages of bee-keeping, but we are pleased to notice that the articles on bee culture which are being published in our New England agricultural papers, at the present time is stirring up something of an interest among bee men and others, and it is hoped that it may be continued until bee apiculture shall take its place among the leading industries, as it certainly should. There is no branch of farm or garden industry that can be made to pay any better than can the proper management of one or more colonies of bees. But to make a business of it one must have taste, aptit

parallel with the ocean beach is interspersed with hammocks of greater or less extent of natural orange grove. Among these hammocks are located the famous De Soto and Bitterssweet Grove and the noted groves of Capts. Burnham and Wilson and the groves of Wesson and Hall.

The older portion of the De Soto grove may be considered the parent of the sweet groves in this vicinity as many of the groves have been budded from it.

The Beach Ridge, east of Banana River, varies in width from a few rods to several miles, its greatest width being from Capt. Burnam's and Wilson's groves to Canaveral Lighthouse a distance of five miles. Just south of Canaveral Light is the Bight of Canaveral with 18 or 20 feet of water. It might be used as a harbor of refuge for shipping and a coaling station, if properly improved.

Sailing south from Titusville there are various residences scattered along the west bank, but the first post office is City Point, 15 miles. Below here the shore is formed for miles of coquina rock, a conglomerate of minute shells and sand; this rock extends back quite a distance and underlies the rich palmetto hammock which borders the shore. Nearly across the river from City Point, but in the interior of Merrit's Island is the noted Hall Hammock where a number of parties are all engaged in growing cane for syrup and sugar. Below City Point are found the most and best orange groves on the river. Col. Spratt has one of the most noted, but they skirt the shore for several miles.

Russell's Point is twenty miles. Rock Ledge is located one mile below, in the midst of the palmetto hammock just spoken of; it has two stores and fine orange, lime, and lemon groves. Messrs Delaney, Gardner, Allen, and Bob. Hardee, Gingrass, Woodley, May, Ryder, Hatch. Megruder, Paxton and Stewart, all have groves of greater or less extent, and many new settlers are coming in and starting more.

At twenty-five miles we pass the saw mill, and just opposite on Merrit's Island is the residence of Dr. Whitfield, a pioneer settler.

There is a beautiful lake in front of his residence, opening into Indian River, which makes a secure harbor for his boats in bad weather. His site commands a fine view of Indian and Banana River which are gradually approaching each other as we go southward.

Otter Creek and Horse Creek enter Indian River from the west; Eau Gallie is 40 miles from Titusville. It is the site of the Agricultural College, built of coquina at a cost of $20,000, but has never been used.

Just opposite is the mouth of the Banana River, on its east shore is a high shell bank covered with a wild orange grove; on the face of the shell bank one can trace the various layers of shells divided by traces of ashes, charcoal, broken pottery, and implements where prehistoric races have lived, cooked and camped. Near by, a little in the rear, is an Indian mound, from which the remains of 13 bodies have recently been found, together with pottery, implements, &c. We pass Elbow Creek and Crain Creek, and come to Turkey Creek, 10 miles from Eau Galle, and 7 miles farther on is Grant's Farm; it is a large island in mid river; the west channel is much the deepest water. Frank Smith has a fine truck farm here which is regularly laid out and in full view from the river. Five miles from Titusville is the mouth of St. Sebastian River; it soon divides into the N., S. and west prongs. Seven miles below Sebastian near the east shore, in a large bay is Pelican Island, frequented by thousands of these large birds to build their nests and rear their young. We found nests, young birds, and those able to run about; they are prodigious eaters, and can swallow fish weighing a pound before they leave the nest, and are as large as Rouen ducks before they are fledged. Their nests are made of large sticks and coarse grass, on the ground or in low trees.

The crows are in close attendance and appropriate all the eggs they can find unprotected, while the hawks and buzzards pounce off the young birds as they find opportunity.

Indian River Narrows are ten miles in length and from 1-8 to 1-4 mile wide; the east shore is composed of mangroves and water oaks; one of the narrowest points is called "Hole in the Wall." A primitive post office has been started at the foot of the Narrows for the benefit of the boatmen and settlers. A box is nailed to a post rising above high water, which receives the mail from the mail boat, and each settler visits the box when he thinks the chances of receiving a letter are sufficient to pay him for going to the office in his boat. There is one advantage over some *country* offices, it is not necessary to close the office hours for the mail. It much resembles a post office in the Straits of Magellan, which consists of a small cask chained to the rock of the extreme cape opposite Tierra del Fuego, and may have been suggested by that, as that one has been in use several years.

On the ocean beach at the lower end of the Narrows is Life Saving Station No. 1, kept by John Houston. Cape Canaveral is 35 miles from St Sebastian, and 90 miles from Titusville; St. Lucie P. O. is kept here by Judge Paine; it is just opposite Indian River Inlet, from which it is 40 miles to Jubiter and 50 to Lake Worth.

In my next letter I will give an account of my trip to Lake Worth, hunting and fishing excursion, and incidents connected with camp life in Florida. O. H. R.

Rockledge, Brevard Co., Fla., Feb. 24, 1881.

A FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT CITY HALL, NEWTON.

The Middlesex South Agricultural Society held a Farmers' Institute at City Hall, Newton, Thursday evening, March 17, in connection with the Newton Horticultural Society. Owing to the extremely bad weather but few persons were in attendance. The President of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, Mr. W. G. Lewis, of Framingham, presided and opened the meeting with a few interesting remarks concerning the objects of the Institute to disseminate knowledge and increase interest in agriculture.

The subject for discussion was "Fruit Culture and Ornamental Trees," and a very interesting essay was read by O. B. Hadwen, Esq., of Worcester, on "Pear Culture," which was reported for the Framingham Gazette as follows:

The essayist opened with the statement that there are over 3,000 sorts of pears, and their culture has drawn out more enthusiasm than other fruit cultivated. He selected, however, the following as the best sorts for market or home use: Beurre Gifford, Clapp's Favorite, Bartlett, Sheldon, Seckle, Beurre Bosc, Beurre Hardy, Urbaniste, Beurre d' Anjou, Duchess d' Angouleme, Dana's Hovey and Lawrence. The climatic conditions of the pear are entirely changed by its present cultivation, which may ultimately prove one of the great causes of pear tree blight, and it is and utterly true that frequent grafting upon stocks grown from seed for a long period will tend to weaken the primitive vitality, and especially in the pear and peach species.

Experience teaches that blight reaches the trees receiving high cultivation, having light foliage and those directly exposed to the sun. After detailing the nature of sap and its methods of growing, he argued that blight is often caused by the rupture of the sap cells by the vigorous flow of sap established in the tree by rays of the sun. Old trees, with a thick, hardened bark, are seldom affected by blight. Sudden changes in the weather also often produce blight, causing alternate excessive heat and cold, by which the forming cells are ruptured, and the sap forced into the disorganized tissues.

Mr. W. C. Strong said the blight had been worse in New York than in Massachusetts, as here the growth is slower. He spoke of the strange fact that even years are the bearing years, and stated if it was possible to effect a change in this respect by rubbing off the blossoms or thinning out the fruit.

Mr. Hadwen said a satisfactory answer had never been made, but it was in the power of every fruit grower to change this law to a certain extent and get trees to bear in the odd year when apples bring a high price. The grower must exterminate the fruit in the early stages of growth, and even after that has been done we often find the tree going back to the regular year for bearing. The only way to be sure of success is to cut off all fruit from young bearing trees in the even year.

Mr. Stone spoke of the profit in apples and fruit generally in New England, arguing in favor of all improved methods in order to compete with the West. Well tilled land would produce apple orchards. He thought the Josephine d Malene would displace the Lawrence for a choice in pears.

Mr. Hadwen said that 976,000 barrels of apples were shipped to Liverpool from this country last year and brought a good price. He stated that our apples should be packed in new barrels. Nine months old was Baldwin.

Mr. Wood referred to the superiority of New England apples because of their fine flesh, flavor, etc., and added the Doyenne d Comice to the pear list.

Mr. Hadwen spoke well of the Sutton Beauty apple, and N. T. Allen would cut off a limb 15 feet below the blight. Mr. Allen spoke of the late G. B. Emerson, LL.D., of Chestnut Hill, who had for fifty years given time and money without stint to the grow ng interest of trees, his labor culminating in a valuable series of volumes on the native trees and shrubbery of Massachusetts. He offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Recognizing the great and valuable services of the late Geo. B. Emerson, L. L. D., in calling attention to the subject of forest tree culture, especially forest and ornamental, in Massachusetts,

Resolved, That the members of the Newton Horticultural Society and of the South Middlesex Agricultural Society present this public expression of our grateful appreciation of the eminent services of the late Geo. B. Emerson, in his long, faithful and successful labors as an author, lecturer, and practical laborer in arboriculture.

Mr. Lewis gave statistics in regard to the shipment of apples to England as follows: The amount of apples shipped from Boston from December, 1880, to February, 1881, was 491,600 barrels, worth in Boston $754,000, and in Liverpool $1,227,500. The amount shipped from New York to all ports in England was 976,000, worth in England, at $2.60 per barrel, $2,940,000. Nine-tenths of the apples shipped were Baldwins, and a large portion were received in bad order. Apples shipped from Canada were received in a much better condition than those from Boston or New York. Canada apples brought in England $4.50 per barrel. Had the New York and Boston apples brought the same price as those from Canada, we should have received for them nearly $6,500 000, instead of $4,200 000, so that we have a direct loss of over $2,000,000 on account of the bad manner in which they are prepared and packed on board the steamers.

After President Lewis had thanked the Newton Society for the courtesies extended, the meeting adjourned. The next Institute will be held at Marlboro, of which due notice will be given.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1881.

The Greeks consider that war with Turkey is inevitable.

Newburyport experienced a slight shock of earthquake, last Saturday afternoon.

Eleven hundred persons have left Berlin for this country during the past week.

Gen. Grant has sent in his resignation as President of the Will Commission.

Elevated railroads are dead, so far as the Massachusetts Legislature can kill them.

Gen. Grant is reported to have purchased a farm of 104 acres in Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

A council of regency has been appointed in Russia, to provide for an emergency in case of any disaster to the Czar.

Col. Thomas A. Scott has just distributed $150,000 among several Philadelphia public institutions.

The assassination of the Czar, according to a Russians journal, was planned abroad, principally in Paris and Switzerland.

Ex-Governor Hcratio Seymour, of New York, is in a very weak condition, and is confined to his room.

Mayor Prince of this city has been confined to his room by a prolonged attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

There is a plan on foot in Vermont to construct a railroad from Alburg to Ottawa, Canada.

The excavations now making at Ostia, the mouth of the Tiber, are discovering valuable remains of antiquity.

The State Senate proposes to make an investigation into the compromise which was effected with the Northampton bank burglars.

The Boers have at length obtained satisfactory terms of peace. They virtually get back their independence, which is all they ask for.

The Massachusetts Legislature will soon be called upon to say whether the reading and writing qualifications of voters shall be enforced.

The ministerial crisis in France is about the question of abolishing all local liens in the election of delegates to the Chamber of Deputies.

Ex-Secretary Schurz's speech at the dinner given in this city, last Tuesday evening, was one that compelled universal admiration and applause.

President Garfield is reported as saying recently—"We must stamp out polygamy. I want this to be one of the distinguishing features of my administration."

Most encouraging views are put forward by competent judges in regard to the prospects of the wheat crop. The weather is described as being just what is needed.

The new Emperor of Russia has four brothers. The Duke Alexis is known in this country. But he is unlikely to have any voice or influence in the government.

We rejoice to say that village improvement societies are becoming popular. Few towns have an idea how beautiful they may be made, by a combination of taste and effort.

The officers of the Northampton Bank insist that no compromise was made by them with the recently released prisoners charged with robbing the Bank, and that the surrender of the stolen bonds was unconditional.

The subscribers to 327 telephones in this District have agreed to notify the company to remove their instruments on the 1st. of April, unless it will abandon the rates which it recently announced, and accept those proposed by the committee of the subscribers' association.

According to the New York Tribune, there is scarcely a household in that city, especially if there are children in it, in which there has not been recent illness of some kind. It is attributed to the unclean condition of the city.

According to the London Economist, money has been for the last five years cheaper in the London market than during any similar term except the five years preceding the Crimean war. Money is cheaper because less is needed in conducting exchange between nations and individuals.

The Connecticut Legislature has chartered the International Construction Compaury, whose object is to "build, construct, enlarge, repair, complete, equip, furnish, and operate railroads, railroad bridges, telegraph lines, steamboat lines, and ferry-boats, and all necessary appurtances in any State or Territory of the United States, or in any foreign country."

In the United States Senate, Mr. Voorhees presented once more his resolution condemning the course of the national banks in relation to the refunding bill. The point of order offered on it was withdrawn, and the matter was called up and discussed in Thursday's session. The President has sent in a large number of nominations, some of them of the first importance. The Secretary of the Treasury has notified the custodians of public buildings under the Department that the appropriation for fuel, light, water, and miscellaneous items will be exhausted on the 31st inst., and that the Department will have no available means to pay for services or supplies beyond that date. At the time of our going to press, no decision had been reached in respect to calling an extra session of Congress. The business interests of the country are practically an unit in opposition to it. The Cabinet has had the matter under protracted advisement. The Republican majority of the Senate have put forth their nominations for Senate officers under the present organization.

THE COERCION BILL.

Official operations in connection with the coercion bill recently passed by the English parliament have begun with the public proclamation of certain districts in Ireland as proscribed. All the necessary measures have been taken by the chief Secretary and his subordinates, at Dublin Castle. Two resident magistrates from each county were called together to the chief Secretary's private apartment, and carefully examined respecting the state of crime in their respective localities. The fullest details were asked respecting outrages upon persons, cattle or property, the extent of illegal drilling and the existence of secret combinations of Ribbonmen or Fenians; the object being to obtain convincing proof that the application of the act was absolutely necessary for the district, before the preliminary step of proclaiming it was taken. The constabulary and other officers were in attendance for the purpose of giving all necessary information regarding their particular localities.

It is expected that chief Secretary Forster will take a broad view of the operation of the new act. Some of the officials at the Castle deem suspicion fairly pointed to an individual to be sufficient to justify his arrest; but Mr. Forster insists there must be evidence of an overt act, such as would influence the mind of a juror, and that a *prima facie* case can be established against the accused. The proclamations were issued in the Dublin *Gazette*, declaring certain counties and parts of counties proscribed district, within the meaning and provisions of the act. The *Gazette* also contained two forms of warrant for arrest; one for high treason, and one in blank for crime to be specified. The number of arrests as intended will be very much diminished by the voluntary exile of numbers of the suspected. Within a week or two it will be known how large the number of arrests will probably be. The opinion of all people outside of England is, that the passage of the land bill by Parliament cannot come now a day too soon.

BRITISH CAPITAL.

It is amazing what an amount of tribute the rest of the world is made to pay annually to Great Britain. Her financial resources are vast almost beyond the power of conception. A European journal estimates that English investments altogether amount to $17,325,000,000, which return an annual interest of $785,000,000. In this grand total is to be included the investment in the public debt, the largest owed by any nation on the globe, and amounting to $3,750,000,000. The interest annually paid to the holders of this debt amounts to $137,500,000. And even more than this, or $140,000,000 is yearly received from for eign nations, on loans abroad that aggregate $3,750,000,000. English capital is invested in railroads outside of England to the amount of a billion of dollars, from which is derived an income of fifty millions of dollars. The English railroads pay one hundred and fifty million dollars to the holders of their securities every year, on an investment of $,600,000,000.

Then comes India, with a debt to England amounting to $900,000,000, and returning annual dividends of $45,000,000. All this showing for a little insulated corner of Europe, demonstrating the power of money to make money when managed with skill. The art of lending money may be said to have been carried to perfection in England. Here is an amount of invested capital that is equal to half the entire valuation of property in the United States ten years ago The English holders of foreign securities of every class and character receive in all one-third more than the amount which is raised every year to pay the interest on our national debt. Some just idea of it all can perhaps be formed by the comparison. The lending power of a nation is what decides the question of its being more or less the exchange of the world. The nation that handles the money can well afford to think that it is at the head of all the rest, for it is only with money that a country's resources, however rich in themselves, can come to successful development.

PEACE WITH THE BOERS.

When Mr. Gladstone announced to the House of Commons the conditions on which permanent peace was offered to the Boers of South Africa, his words were greeted with shouts of applause, showing the real state of public sentiment in England on this matter. The terms proposed are such as are truly honorable to both sides. All arms, munitions, and other property captured by either side during the hostilities are to be restored; the Transvaal is to be granted independence; subject to conditions to be hereafter settled by a royal commission; and the Boer government is to begin as soon as such commission has made its report. The British garrisons are meanwhile to remain in the Transvaal, but without in any way interfering with local affairs. The Boer forces are to be disbanded at once.

While the Boers are to have independence, the Queen is to be recognized as the sovereign of the country, with a minister resident at their capital. They are not to pay tribute to England, while the latter will manage their foreign relations. By this arrangement, the establishment of a second power in South Africa is obviated. A commission is to supervise the relations of the Boers with the Zulus, and thus do away with the possibility of the enslavement of the latter to their captors. The importance of peace to South Africa at this time can hardly be overstated. The climate is salubrious, and the country rich in resources; all that it wants is a European population to develope it. British capital will not fail to find its way there as soon as peace is once established on a firm foundation. By the union of the English and Dutch elements, there is a guarantee that real and rapid progress will be made in the civilization of that part of the African continent.

THE LEGISLATURE

The House gave the whole day on Tuesday, to the elevated railroad debate. The pending matter was the adverse report of the committee on street railways, for which a substitute was moved in the form of a bill for the construction of a road under the Meigs patent. The substitute was lost by a vote of 38 yeas to 128 nays. The House refused to take from the table and put in the orders for the following day the order asking the Supreme Court for its opinion of the constitutionality of the pending prohibitory law. An attempt was again made in the Senate to increase the salaries of the harbor and land commissioners, but it failed, and the bill relating to it was recommitted to the committee on expenditures, with instructions to consider the whole question of increase of salaries of State officials. A bill was reported to limit the power of conferring degrees, requiring such to be conferred by special act of the Legislature. Any violation of the act will entail a penalty of five hundred dollars, or of imprisonment for two years. The committee on harbors has still under consideration the recommendation of the harbor commissioners for the passage of a bill permitting the extension of the harbor limit at East Boston. The object of the recommendation is to enable the Boston and Albany Railroad Company to extend one of its piers, so that it may accommodate five ocean steamers where it now accommodates but two. The Senate rejected the bill passed by the House, to protect the lives of railroad brakemen. The Hoosac Tunnel committee are giving hearings in favor of the plan to lay a double track in the Tunnel and on the State road, to be done within two years, at a cost of about $600,000. The House acted favorably on the bill to establish standard fire insurance companies and to permit mutual fire insurance companies to insure for the full value of the property.

An Elevated Railroad for Boston.—The scheme for an elevated road in this city has been vigorously pushed before the Legislature, and was so vigorously opposed. It is most strenously held that there is not only no present need for such a road in Boston, but that it would be an impossibility to run steam cars on a straight line on Washington street. It is also stated in opposition that there are upwards of one hundred steam railroad stations within and near the city, ninety-one of which are within a radius of six miles from City Hall. In Dorchester, with 17,000 people, there are eighteen steam railroad stations; and so on all around the city centre. It is estimated that the damage by depreciation on all the property in the narrow part of Washington street would not be less that twenty-five per cent.

READ AND RUN.

— It is becoming more and more apparent, each year, that the United States is the great competitor of Russia in the grain market.

— The census shows that the greatest relative increase of the negro population is in the former slave-holding States.

— There is a New York Justice who is frequently taken for Secretary Evarts.

— The new French three per cent. loan was at once subscribed, last week, three times over.

— The Secretary of the Treasury will wait to see what is to be done about an extra session, before deciding about placing the four per cent bonds.

— Owing to complaints and apprehensions from sewer gas, the leading New York hotels are dispensing with plumbing arrangements and putting in the old washbowl and pitcher again for guests.

— The bomb that killed the Czar was not bigger than an egg, and probably charged with the fulminate of mercury.

— Gen. Grant resigns the chairmanship of the New York World's Fair Committee, as there is no present prospect of success for the scheme.

— The old-time carnival gaiety was revived in Rome, this year, in all its former spirit.

— The cotton fair, to be held in Atlanta next October, is expected to attract not less than fifty thousand visitors to that place.

— The Pope is to take part in the Easter ceremonies at St. Peters, in Rome, much to the delight of foreigners and to rists. These ceremonies have been unobserved for the past seven years.

— It is stated that the use of postal cards in this country has decreased the consumption of writing paper fully twelve million dollars' worth a year.

— Three judges have been removed from office in Massachusetts, since the Revolution.

— The king of the Belgians favors making Bruges a seaport, and thinks Flanders should be the vegetable garden of London.

— New York architects are full of business at present. Building activity centres chiefly about the lower end of Central Park.

— A quarter of a million staves are made every year in Albany.

— The officials of the General Land League Office at Washington regard the land swindling operations recently unearthed at St. Louis as the greatest ever perpetrated on the Government. They began as far back as 1854.

— The rapid destruction of American forests is deservedly attracting public attention.

— The winter ice is clearing out of the Maine rivers.

— President Garfield is a devourer of books — There were more immigrant revivals in New York last week than during any previous week in its history.

— Cambridge, with its population of fifty thousand, is waking up to the importance of closer railroord communication with Boston.

— Bismark has been conducting himself very violently in debate, and broke out recently against the former Minister of France in a most unseemly manner.

— The streets of New York are in such a condition that the citizens, and even the medical men, have held public meetings to protest against it. Malarial complaints are pronounced epidemic there, in consequence of the filthy state of the streets.

— The cutting down of three venerable elms by a sidewalk commissioner in South Hadley Falls, has led to a suit against him by the lady residing under their shadow, who lays her damages at ten thousand dollars.

— It is seriously proposed by a member of the Kentucky legislature that every family in the State shall be provided with a weekly paper, free of charge. He puts it on educational grounds

— The oil painting of John Milton, which was once purchased by Charles Lamb's brother for a shilling, and afterwards became the property of Charles, has recently been sold at auction in London for three hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

— Another mine has been found, that ran underneath the Emperor's palace at St. Petersburg, and one has since been discovered leading to the Lord Mayor's mansion in London.

— American Ministers abroad have been specially instructed from the State Department to contradict and deny the story started in reference to the prevalence of hog cholera in this country.

— Chung, the Chinese giant, who is in Brooklyn, N. Y., is the greatest eater of the age.

— A consolidation of narrow gauge railroads has been effected, that will put Lake Erie in direct communication with the entire Southwest.

— Of 7,150 miles of railroad built in the United States last year, 1,453 miles were narrow gauge.

— The Schurz dinner at Hotel Vendome was the local feature of the current week.

— Steam navigation has been resumed for the season on the Hudson River.

— The conditions laid down by the British Government are substantially accepted by the Boers

— The New York Sorotis has just celebrated its thirteenth anniversary at Delmonico's.

—The leaders are trying hard to get up a bear market in New York.

— They are proposing to water the streets of New York with salt water, as is done here in Boston.

— Gen. Grant goes to Mexico, to be absent for three months.

— Hanlan, the champion oarsmen, has been in the city during the past week, and has been hospitably entertained.

— Carlyle was an enemy to monumental statues.

— The hunting down and killing of wild horses in New South Wales is considered to be as necessary as the destruction of rabbits and kangaroos.

— The largest orange known to have been raised in Florida is five inches in diameter.

— The unpleasant weather and the condition of the roads has made domestic trade rather dull for the past week.

— The question now at issue in relation to the Comstock mines is, whether they shall be worked at less cost or abandoned altogether. Some $300,000 in gold and silver has been extracted in all.

— The value of the silk goods produced in this country last year was $34,000,000.

— The first Penobscot salmon of the season in this market was sold on Tuesday morning to Young's Hotel. It weighed fifteen pounds, and sold for $1,50 per pound.

— The President is to recommend the passage of a bill changing the form of government in Utah.

— Mr. Howell's new story is to be entitled "A Fearful Responsibility," and it will run as a serial in Scribner's Monthly.

— Mr. Evarts will go to Europe on the 2d of April, to attend the international monetary conference, unaccompanied by his family,

— Canadian emigrants will go very largely to Kansas this year.

— Mrs. Garfield, it is reported, will give more time to her family than her predecessor did.

— Rev. Joseph Cook is extremely popular in Scotland and Ireland.

— Rev. Mr. Murray is looking up a site for a colony.

— A bill is before the Legislature, looking to the relief of school committees from the necessity of voting annually upon all the teachers in their respective towns.

— Mlle Bernhardt, says her agent, is very sensitive, and does'nt like to be stared at. She thinks the American people very impudent.

— The right to vote has been given to all females in the Isle of Man who possess an estate yielding a pound sterling per annum.

— At the fall recently given by Mrs. Mackay, in Paris, the dancing was done to the music of a group of singers.

— A railway train collision near Paris has just resulted in the death outright of twenty-two persons.

— Mr. Gladstone now wears a black skull-cap in the House of Commons, which makes him look older, but improves his appearance.

— The Episcopal churchmen of New York are moving for the raising of a fund of a million dollars, to aid in the work of church building.

— Parties in New York are in earnest about cutting a ship canal across the peninsula of Florida.

— More immigrants are coming from Germany this year, and fewer from Ireland.

— The last week has been opening week at our large dry goods establishments.

— The majority of the males over the females in this country is stated to be nearly nine hundred thousand, or twice as large as when the previous census was taken.

— Southern farmers are urged by the journals of that section to raise less cotton and a greater number of articles of food.

☞ Consumption commences in impaired vitality and debility; strengthen both brain and body with Vitalized Phosphites, and thus prevent debility and consumption. Vitalized Phosphites is a cerebral food, increasing the activity and power of both brain and body. Its effects are permanent, not a stimulant like brandy, but a vitalizing element to the nerves. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages, curing weakened digestion, mental and physical exhaustion and nervous disorders. It is a brain and nerve food. For sale by F. Crosby, 666 6th Ave., N. Y., and druggists.

A Good Year for Agricultural Colleges in the West.—We are informed by reliable authority that the Legislature of Kansas appropriated all that was asked for in support of the Agricultural College without a dissenting vote in the Senate, and only seven dissenting votes out of nearly two hundred in the House. There was no abuse by any member. At Purdue University, in Indiana, a large appropriation went through easily without a scratch. At Lansing, Michigan, the Legislative committees added by a unanimous vote 2,300 dollars, and intended to add a thousand more to the amount asked for by the college. The last thousand was omitted by oversight, but may yet pass in a separate bill The items added by the joint committees were mostly for experiments. The bill went through easily with very few opposing votes. The appropriation for two years was about $65,000.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for April tells us of The Green Mountains in Sugar Time, March being the month for the maples there. We have also an illustrated paper on the experiment of educating the Indians at Hampton and Carlisle. The dairy sketch of My Farm in Switzerland is fresh reading for such as would cultivate contentment on small means. Milwaukee is done up in description and illustration finely. The fiction and poetry are superior. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Scribner's Monthly* for April is a very entertaining and instructive number. It is particularly strong in engravings that illustrate the text. The articles are from many of our most popular writers. A. Williams & Co. have it on sale.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly* for April takes up the discussion of "The Sunday Question," which is the feature of the number. Some articles are continued, and there are four pieces of verse. It is a fair average number, under the new editor. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine* for March leads off with a timely article on Ireland under Ordinary Law, and contains besides a paper on Desdemona, Homer's Sea Epic rendered in ballad measure, No. 2 of Autobiographies, and its customary monthly political article, discussing the situation in England. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.

☞ The *piece du resistance* in the April number of the *North American Review* is the one by Judge Tourgee on the civil service question, in which he takes ground and weakly maintains it against reform. Religion in the Schools is discussed from the Papist standpoint. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis writes on the Ownership of Railroad Property. Anthony Trollope furnishes a review of Longfellow. On sale by A. William & Co.

☞ *Our Little Ones* for April is another step forward. It is hard to decide which is the more admirable for its purpose, the reading matter or the pictures. Both are superior. The Russell Publishing Company of Boston publish it.

☞ *Hovey's Illustrated Seed Catalogue fo* 1881 is filled with lists of attractive flower and other seeds, which all lovers of horticulture will want to have at hand for reference. The prices are carried out, the type-work is beautiful, and the illustrations are exceedingly suggestive.

☞ *Emerson's Quartets and Choruses* for male voices, is a new collection of music for clubs and societies, by L. O. Emerson. Music and words have been collected with great care, and the whole ought to become immediately and widely popular. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

☞ It is now quite a fashion to see demijohns in merchants' offices here, but but do not be frightened, honest farmers, they contain only Pine Grove Pure Spring Water from W. C. Fisk & Co., 55 Kingston street, Boston, and is the price of a demijohn full is only 15 cents, it is not an extravagant beverage, while its use in kidney troubles is of marked benefit.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, held in New York, Feb. 17, 1881, R. M. Newport was elected General Agent of the land department for the Eastern Division, in place of James B. Power. All communications with reference to the land department business, should hereafter be addressed to R. M. Newport, General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A PAYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

I hereby certify that I have been a practicing physician for twenty-seven years, and for many chronic cases in my practice do recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It was upon my advice that G. W. Stamm, editor of the "Industrial Era" Albia, Iowa, obtained this invaluable remedy. A. A. Ramsay, M.D.

☞ The mortality from consumption in New England is fearful, but a large proportion of cases can be saved by the timely use of Dr. Topliff's Syrup of Tar.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

The public is greatly indebted to the enterprising firm of Marchal & Smith for the beauty, perfection, purity and economy of that most popular of musical instruments—the piano. Not now the debate increased by the perfection of an organ which combines the beauty of art stic design, exquisite finish, beautiful tone, great power, and endless variety, with an economy in price which brings it within the reach of all. Besides sending this beautiful instrument on the most liberal terms of trial, they supply the purchaser with every requisite for becoming an accomplished player. Instructive books which not only teach the beginner, but give lessons to those who have advanced beyond the first principles of music are furnished with each organ. Purchasers are regularly supplied with late and popular music, and every interest of those who have a study of music in their instrument is provided for. Here, then, is an opportunity to secure a sweet, powerful, perfect musical instrument, *an elegant parlor ornament*, with instructions in music that enables the purchaser to obtain a *thorough musical educat on*. Our readers can not fail to see the great advantages offered by Messrs. Marchal & Smith.

☞ Butter made by the Cooley process was awarded Gold Medal at International Dairy Fair, 1879.

IS IT POSSIBLE

that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—*Post.*

A SMOOTH COMPLEXION can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, it has no equal. This is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheek. See notice. mh5-4t

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

☞ Canvassers make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. Ridgout & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. aug21 52

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE, OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D., New York City.* le12-13t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 14th, by Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, Mr. William J. Smith, formerly of New Bedford, to Miss Harriet B. Gorham, daughter of the late Capt. Josiah Gorham of Yarmouthport, Mass.

In this city, March 17th, by Rev. S. H. Winkley, Wilmouth M. Terry of Randolph, Vt., to Ella V. Mann of Braintree, Vt.

In Beverly, March 16th, by Rev. D. P. Morgan, Mr. J. Franklin Hillier to Miss Roxanna J. Hussey, both of Beverly.

In Marblehead, March 16th, by Rev. S. P. Smith, Mr. Marshall Gordon of Boston to Mrs. Helena A. Stevens of Marblehead.

In Newburyport, March 16th, by Rev. J. H. Ross, Mr. Flourib B. Darling of Amesbury to Miss Eliza C. Clark of Newburyport.

In Taunton, March 17th, Frederick Crossman to Helen M. Wilding.

In Lincoln, March 17th, by Rev. H. J. Richardson, Mr. Cyrus S. Chapin to Miss Alice Bigelow, all of Lincoln.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 19th, Esther Copeland, 94 years 20 days.

In this city, March 21st, William Wiswall, 62 years.

In this city, March 20th, William C. Knowlton, 79 years.

In Brookline, March 21st, Mary Percival Winsor.

In Kingston, Mass., March 20th, Lucy Eveline, wife of William S. Adams, 68 years.

In Townsend, Mass., March 17th, her 82d birthday, Mrs. Lydia Pratt Edson, formerly of Chester, Vt.

In Aiken, S. C., March 18th, suddenly, Thomas D. Quincy of Boston, in the 74th year of his age.

In Medford, March 19th, suddenly, Clarissa, wife of Franklin Rand.

In Charlestown, March 18th, of pneumonia, Dr. William Mason, 75 years.

In Boston Highlands, March 18th, Abigail White, widow of the late Warren White of Brookline, 86 yrs.

In Malden, March 17th, Dr. L. M. Barker, 78 yrs.

In Medford, March 16th, Mary Emeline, wife of Charles F. Boynton.

In Randolph March 16th, Deacon Ephraim Belcher, 83 years 5 days.

In Upton, March 17th, Sylvanus B. Aldrich, 70 yrs.

In Taunton, March 16th, Henry S. Harris, 51 yrs.

In Worcester, March 15th, Charles Henry Winslow, 45 years.

In Dover, N. H., March 17th, Miss Mary Adams, 70 years.

In Arlington, Mass., March 18th, Mrs. Catharine Henshaw Symmes, 68 years 1 month 17 days.

In Westerly, R. I., March 14th, Rev. D. R. Brewer, rector of Christ Church, 61 years.

In Salem, March 19th, Lucinda, widow of Mr. Bodwell Richardson, 83 years 9 months 8 days.

In Methuen, March 19th, suddenly, of heart disease, David Nevins, in his 73d year.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

Cheese continues steady and firm, and has been in fair demand. The sales have been at 13½@14c for choice; 12@13c for fair and good, and 8@11c per lb for common.

Domestic Markets.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour.—The market is steady and firm for Flour, but sales have not been to any extent. We quote Western superfine at $4@4 25 ₰ bbl; common extras at $4 25@4 75 ₰ bbl; Wisconsin extras at $4 50@5 50, and Minnesota extras at $4 75@6 ₰ bbl. Winter wheats are steady at $5 50@5 75 for Ohio and Michigan; $6 75@6 25 for Indians, and $6@6 50 for St. Louis and Illinois. Patent spring wheats have been selling at $6 75@8 00 ₰ bbl, with a few brands a shade higher; and patent winter wheats at $6 50@7 75 ₰ bbl.

Corn.—Is firm and scarce and prices continue to be sustained. We quote mixed and yellow at 61@62c; steamer at 60@61c, and no grade at 58@60c ₰ bush.

Oats.—Remain the same and have been quiet. Sales of No 1 and extra white at 48½@52c; No. 2 white at 47½c, and No. 2 mixed and No. 3 white at 46½@47c ₰ bush. In Rye the sales have been in small lots at 95@97½ ₰ bush.

Mill Feed.—Shorts Fine Feed and Middlings are selling at $21.50@23 ₰ ton.

Potatoes.—There is a fair demand for potatoes, with sales of Aroostook Rose at 75 @80c; Maine Central, New York and Vermont Rose at 65@70c; Prolific at 70c; Jackson and Peerless at 55@65c, and Chenangoes at 55c ₰ bush.

Beans.—Have been quiet, but holders are still unflinching. We quote at $2 15 for hand-picked pea, and $2 12@2 15 for hand-picked medium, while on improved yellow eyes we are advised that $2 20 is the lowest point, with one large receiver refusing to accept less than $2 20. Peas are moving in a moderate way. The roasters are paying 70c for Canada common, and the dealers $1 05 for choice in lots.

Fruit.—Apples are wholly nominal. Dried apples hold a steady jobbing and near-by shipping trade, these distributors taking in their round lots. Evaporated at 7¼@8c, paying higher ranges for exceptional fancy, and sun sundried 4½@4¾c. Cranberries are listless; country $2 50@4, and Cape $4@6. Oranges are in excellent color and flavor, and jobbing at $3@4. Lemons, $3 50@4.

Poultry —Good Western turkeys 16c quick, and the choice of Western chickens 14c, an advance of 1 to 2c on Saturday's prices. Northern turkeys were sought at 17@18c. Grouse were scarce, but 80c was the outside on fat.

Maple Sugar.—Is slow and favor buyers; fine light cakes at 10c@12c, with exceptional job lots at 13c; tub at 8@9c. Syrup is coming along very thin, and prices are weakening and widening; small lots at 60@80c; large do at 55c@81; keg at 70@85c.

Hay.—The market is firm at $23 for choice Timothy; the range on coarse being $22@23; fair at $20@21; fine at $18@19; and swale at $12@13. Straw is firm at $25 for rye, and $13 @14 for Oat.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork is firm, and has been in steady demand Sales of prime at $12 50@13; mess at $15 50@16 00 for old, $16 50@17 00 for new; Western clear at $16@20, and city clear and backs at $20@21 50 ₰ bbl. Beef sells at $10@12 per bbl for mess and extra mess, and $13@13 50 for family. Lard remains steady and firm at 11@11

NEWS SUMMARY.

The damage by the flood in Georgia is very heavy.

Boston is to have a storage warehouse for household goods that will cover two acres.

An earthquake shock was felt on Saturday afternoon in and about Newburyport.

Six bankers arrived at Gloucester Sunday, with about 120,000 pounds of fresh halibut.

The defalcation at the Ashuelot Savings Bank, Winchester, N. H., will amount to about $100,000.

A lad named West, of Haverhill, was accidentally shot in the eye by George Carleton, while at play with a toy pistol.

The elevated railway scheme received its quietus in the House Tuesday by a vote of 128 to 38.

Sixteen workmen left Worcester Monday for Sherman, Neb., where they are to erect the Union Pacific Railroad's monument to Oakes Ames.

The boiler in White & Russell's mill at Middlefield, Ohio, exploded Monday from an unknown cause, killing Joseph Hablon, Solden Sprague and John Patchin.

The ice left the Penobscot river Sunday, and Bangor is now open to navigation. The river has been closed since Nov. 26, or 113 days.

The cattle in the West, all accounts agree, have perished by the 100,000 in the storms of the winter. Nebraska alone is debited with a loss of $5,000,000.

The widow of James Greenwood, who was killed by the burning of the Kearsage mills in Portsmouth, N. H., last December, has sued the company for $10,000.

Considerable damage was done at Manhattan Beach and other parts of Coney Island by the storm of Saturday night and Sunday. It will cost $100,000 to repair damages.

The robins and the blue birds, the swelling of the pussy willows, the springing grass, the changing tints of the fruit trees, and other signs of spring, are multiplying on every hand.

A 2-year-old son of John H. Prescott, engineer on the Old Colony Railroad, was scalded to death last Tuesday morning, at Marlboro', by falling into a pail of hot water.

Wm Batchelor, for 20 years a flagman for the Boston & Lowell Railroad Co., while exercising his horse Saturday evening, was kicked in the abdomen by it, and died Monday night. His age was 74

The old Walpole Farmers' Club has been dissolved and a new society organized, with A. M. Brown, President; H. W. Mann, O. L. Dorr, L. L. Bowker, D. F. Grover, Vice Presidents; Joseph Leach, Recording Secretary; H. C. Metzalf, Treasurer.

Leonard L., a 11-year-old son of John Stebbins, of Winchester, N. H., hung himself Sunday night. He fastened a chain around a beam in the barn and swung himself off. He was a very bright and active young lad.

The commanding officer at Fort Bliss says a report from a reliable authority has reached him that the Indians have massacred 30 persons and burned 19 wagons at Puerto del Chocolate, near Janos, Old Mexico, about 60 miles south of our territory.

By a bill recently passed by the Connecticut legislature, any person planting, protecting and cultivating forest trees in three years, for a distance of one-quarter mile or more along any public highway, shall be entitled to receive for ten years thereafter an annual bounty of $1 for each quarter-mile so planted and cultivated.

Tuesday forenoon Conductor Benson's Concord special passenger train on the Fitchburg Railroad struck a woman who was walking on the track, at a curve below Lincoln station, killing her instantly. The woman was a Swede, belonging in Lincoln. She was insane, and had escaped from the Concord Poorhouse.

Sunday evening the police of Bayonne, N. Y., discovered that in digging the foundation for another building the foundation walls of a tenement house on Cottage street had been loosened and wasted away by the rain. Fearing that the building would fall, they warned four families living in the tenement to leave, but they refused to go, and the police had to remove them by force. Two or three hours afterward the building fell into the open hole by its side.

A vigilance committee has been organized at Charleston, Ill., where many robberies and murders have been committed. Thursday night they took Myron Martin, William Sweeney and Charles Scott, alias Grasshopper, all ex-convicts, hung them in a tree, and whipped them until life was nearly extinct. They were then let down and ordered to leave the country. Fifteen other men were warned to leave within 24 hours, or they would be hanged, and they all fled.

Henry Jenkins, who resides in South Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested in Jersey City at an early hour Tuesday morning, having in his possession the 2 1-2 year-old child of Mrs. Taylor, of No. 48 Beacon avenue. The child had been taken out of its bed, and at the time of Jenkins's arrest had nothing on but its nightgown. He is held to the charge of kidnapping. The child's parents being wealthy it is supposed that he hoped to obtain a ransom for its return.

A three story brick building, one hundred feet square, on Water street, Rochester, N. Y., owned by the Rochester Hydraulic Company and occupied for manufacturing purposes, fell in parts Monday morning. The cause is believed to have been an explosion of the steam boiler. Joseph Schell, aged 20, was killed instantly on the sidewalk by a falling wall. Four or five other men were injured, but none fatally. Loss $20,000.

A man belonging to the Cigar-makers Union, now out on a strike, was assassinated in Key West, on Sunday. It is said that he intended to resume work. Three men have been arrested on suspicion. The unionists threatened to rescue them. The militia were called out and are guarding the prisoners. The marines of United States vessel Tennessee are in readiness to act when called upon. There is great excitement in the city, and the streets on Sunday night were crowded.

Mrs. J. R. Scott, who lives five miles northeast of Williamston, Ingham county, Michigan, was found dead last Tuesday, having, as was then supposed, shot herself. A note was found beside her saying she had lived long enough. Suspicions of foul play were developed a day or two later and evidence was gathered which led to the arrest of John Funk, Mrs. Scott's brother, on the charge of murder. The greatest excitement prevails. Litigation in regard to property was the cause of Mrs. Scott's death, whether from suicide or otherwise.

AN EDITOR'S ESCAPE.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA," }
ALBIA, Iowa, May 26, 1880. }

To whom it may concern:

I take great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been afflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years, and have tried numerous remedies with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me, and after taking it the pain and distress left me, and I am to-day feeling *strong and well.* I am perfectly satisfied that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the medicine needed, and can cheerfully recommend it to others. G. W. STAMM.

HOW TO GET SICK.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; dongar all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters. See other column.—*Express.*

GRAY HAIRS ARE HONORABLE, but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam is popular for cleanliness and promptly restoring the youthful color. mhb-4t

Rock and Stump Puller.

NARAMORE'S PATENT, ahead of all; no more stony fields or old stumps; easily moved; work in any position; side-hill or level grounds; 1-oy of 12 can raise 6 tons. County rights and machines for sale. Send stamp for illustrated Circular and prices to G. A. KIMBALL, Worcester, Mass. mch26-4t

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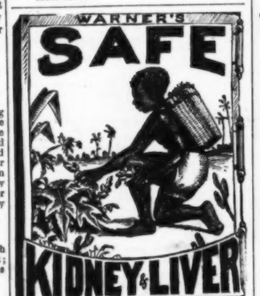

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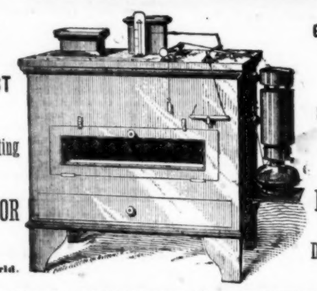

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☞ I will sell this Instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars, here with Stool, Book and Music for only

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VISIT MY FACTORY.

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☞ This beautiful Piano Upright Instrument is a Parlor Organ (Like Cut). The Parts Are Style No. 5,300, Height, 68 inches; Length, 45 inches; Depth 24 inches. Contains Five Octaves, Ten Stops as follows: A set powerful Sub Bass Reeds, set of 68 octaves of the famous Tongue Reeds, which produce the sweetest tones ever heard; set of 1 octave of the new sub-contra-grave Bourdon Reeds, which actually imitates a French Horn; set of 25 octaves each of the principal or regular Golden Tongue Reeds, making in all 5 beautiful combinations which the performer can use at will or Beatty's new patent sub-stop action, whereby any variety of tone desired. It is, therefore, unnecessary to connect different tone stops with the above action to obtain the greatest possible variety (so-called "drummer."). The combinations are something entirely original. Some of stops are as follows: (1) Diapason Forte, (2) Principal Forte, (3) Dulciana Bass, (4) Bourdon, (5) Dulcet, (6) Principal, (7) Grand Organ, (8) Celesti, (9) Twenty Brass Reeds, (10) Aeolian, (11) Echo, (12) Clarionet, (13) Vox Celeste, (14) Vox Humana, which is by far the finest and most perfect that has been attained. —Changing the instrument from an ordinary Parlor Organ to the universal exclamation of critics and lovers of music, who have heard it, (15) Grand Expression, which doubles the power, (16) Full Forte, (17) Grand Full Power, which by the use of which the entire power of the instrument can be thrown on or off by the knee without taking the hand from the key board. It is a valuable improvement in reed Organs. I have named this Organ, THE PARIS, because it has such a beautiful appearance; the case is suit of polished black walnut, elegantly carved, fancy veneered, with costly wood panels between the legs, front, and ends, as shown in cut; handles, lamp stands, fancy pockets for music, two knee swells, rollers for moving, upright bellows, made of the best quality of rubber cloth, steel springs. The pedals are covered with metal, instead of carpet, which will last a life-time. This Organ is truly a beautiful piece of parlor furniture, and the home of the wealthy, the millionaire, bank, or business man will find it an ornament to their parlor. I will sell this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars at this place, including Stool, Book and Music, for only $85. ☞ Please send in your order at once. You may order a better or cheaper organ; can be shipped at an hour's notice. Issue Express receipts, or registered letter, or by bank draft. Money Refunded and freight charges will be paid by me both ways if in any way unsatisfactory, or you may pay me only after you have fully tested it at your own home. Send reference or evidence of your responsibility if you do not send the cash with order. Every organ of my manufacture when introduced in a new locality, sells many more. Often thanks are treated from the first instrument sold. It becomes a standing advertisement at your own home. If you do not want an instrument yourself, will you please hand or mail this offer to a friend who is looking for one? Thanking you for favors in advance, I remain, Yours truly, DANIEL F. BEATTY.

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The Poet's Corner.

A LEAF FROM THE CALENDAR.

Where wood-violets love to grow
Thickly lies the winter snow;
Where the streamlet sung and danced,
And the summer sunbeam glanced
Through the meadow, down the dale,
All is hushed, and chill, and pale.

Where the crow-foot's tender green
Earliest in the spring is seen;
Where the checkerberries hide
By the pale arbutus' side,
And the cowslips, tipped with gold,
Over hill and dale unfold;

Where the ferret, soft and brown,
Stores his nest with pilfered down;
And the field-mouse in the heather
Sleeps for days and weeks together;
And the squirrel, wise and dumb,
Waits for better days to come;

Lies the winter—bitter strong—
Heaped through freezing nights and long;
While the tempest comes and goes,
Sliding swift o'er drifted snows;
Clouds above and gloom below;
Tell me—when will winter go?

When the buds begin to swell;
When the streams leap through the dell;
When the swallows dip and fly,
Wheeling, circling, through the sky;
When the violet buds the rose
Waken from its long repose.

When the gnats in sunshine dance;
When the long, bright hours advance
When the robin by the door
Sings as ne'er he sang before;
Then, when heart, and flower, and wing
Leap and laugh—then comes the spring!

—Scribners' Monthly for April.

Ladies' Department.

THE FIRM OF AH-WHY & CO.

A BANKER'S STORY.

[Chambers's Journal.]

When I was sent up to Hankow as manager of the Anglo-Oriental Bank branch here, the *comprador*, or head of the native department, was one Hai-ling. Like most *compradors*—men whose position demands that they should be thoroughly trustworthy, well educated, and completely *au fait* with all sorts of business—he was a man of no little importance. His robes were of the finest silk; he smoked the choicest Manilla cigars; drank the finest brands of champagne; his nails were of the longest; and his mandarin queue of the best turn-outs in the settlement, or, as it is termed, Concession. Such a man was not to be treated as a servant, or even as a clerk, for his extensive acquaintance amongst the native merchants, as long experience of business, brought him in contact with me rather as a confidant and adviser. I soon found out that he was a thorough man of business, keen and far-sighted, as are most Chinamen who have added to their natural aptitude the civilizing polish of the West. I congratulated myself upon the possession of so able an interpreter of my plans and wishes. Hai-ling, a Macao native, who named himself "Ah-why *Afroff's* and coolies, formed the foreign contingent of our staff; whilst I had a young Englishman named Heygate occupied the European department.

Matters progressed smoothly and well for some months, until I happened to take exception to the habit Hai-ling indulged in of introducing parties of Chinese friends to inspect the treasury, which, as being the latest and most perfect construction of its kind in Hankow, was looked upon as a sort of show affair. I did not care about our boxes of sycee silver, our dollar-bags and our safes being exposed too much to public gaze, although I knew that Hai-ling was the impersonation of all that was honest. So I spoke to him on the subject very quietly. From that day his manner toward me changed; he evidently resented my interference as implying a want of trust in him, and although he was calmly civil after the manner of the imperturbable Mongol race, there was a reserve and a hauteur in his attitude which I, as his superior officer felt little inclined to put up with. One morning I was sitting in my private room, and asked me to show a great mandarin from Wuchang to inspect the treasury. At first, I rather resented Hai-ling's impertinence in touching upon a sore subject; but he explained that the Wuchang mandarin was really a distinguished person, and that it might lead to business; so I granted the permission. The party stayed a long time—so Heygate told me—and were loud in their expressions of wonder and admiration at the strength and ingenuity with which our treasury was built. The *comprador* entertained them at his rooms, and they went away with much hilarity, gesticulation and chattering.

By granting this permission, I imagined that matters would perhaps assume a more cordial aspect between the *comprador* and myself; for although one may have even a contempt for a man, if the daily course of one's life runs much in the same grove as his, it is always disagreeable for it not to run smooth. My astonishment, then, may be imagined, when, the very next morning, Hai-ling tendered his resignation with many expressions of sorrow and distress, and still further when the Portuguese clerk Manero followed suit, and stated his desire to quit our service. I thought it strange; paid them their salaries together with the customary "save-taking "kum-shaw," and set to work to replace them. Applicants for the vacant posts of *comprador* and clerk arrived in shoals—men who could do everything, who could speak every known language, who possessed every necessary qualification; and it was with some difficulty that I made my selection. Finally, I pitched upon a benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had served, so he said—and so, curiously enough amongst other great men, said the man Iarin from Wu-chang—for many years as *comprador* in a European bank which had broken up. And so, again settled, I forgot Hai-ling and Manero and the past altogether.

The new *comprador*, who might have passed for an archbishop, so bland and benignant was his demeanor, so majestic and deliberate his movements, was an excellent man of business, and we got on capitally together. He

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The new *comprador*, who might have passed for an archbishop, so bland and benignant was his demeanor, so majestic and deliberate his movements, was an excellent man of business, and we got on capitally together. So well and smoothly in fact did matters work, that I felt myself quite justified in taking a fortnight's trip to Shanghai. So I left, spent a jovial time in the gay capital and in the country adjoining, and returned to Hankow early in December. Talking to Heygate, who had been in charge during my absence, I asked him about the new *comprador*.

"Well," said Heygate, "he seems a good sort of a fellow, understands his work and all that, and apparently has a lot of influence over the Chinese merchants here; but latterly he has been drifting into Hai-ling's old habit of asking his kith and kin and his mandarin friends to see our treasury. I told him about Hai-ling, and he seemed much surprised, saying that we ought to be proud of being able to attract such notice, and that if we knew what delight it gave to his simple rustic friends, we would not be so particular. However, I gave him to understand that we didn't like it; so now he is all right again."

Somehow or other, I did not think it was all right, and told Heygate to keep a sharp look out.

Not many days after a very stylish native gentleman was dropped at our door by his chair, and desired to see me. He said that he was a partner in a great native firm, styling itself Ah-why & Co., and made overtures for business on rather an extensive scale. His house, he said, had connections at all the China coast ports, and he had been recommended to our bank; in support of which statements he produced from the voluminous folds of his silken garments letters of introduction and testimonials as to integrity and soundness from large English firms and banks, which I deemed sufficient, for we had been especially cautioned by the head office in London to be very careful in the opening of new business, and not to entertain proposals of any kind unless thoroughly assured of the goodness of the parties initiating them. To the unaccustomed eye of Europeans all Chinamen seem to resemble each other, but after a while one learns to discern faces as easily as at home. In this Chinaman there was some trait, some feature, some peculiarity of manner, which reminded me of some one I had seen before. The more I looked at him the more forcibly was I impressed with this idea, but I racked my memory in vain to identify the resemblance. However, he was so open-spoken, and his references were so undeniable, that I expressed myself willing to enter into business relations with him, and as a preliminary requested that he should pay a certain sum in hard sycee silver into our treasury, merely in guarantee of good faith. We shook hands cordially on parting, and in the course of the afternoon the first installment of the guarantee silver arrived at the bank, was weighed, counted and found to be correct.

The rest of the silve , said the partner of Ah-why & Co., would arrive before the closing of the bank at five o'clock, which it did, and as it was impossible to weigh and count every box, was placed in the treasury with the first installment without further to do.

Most satisfactory were the relations existing between us and Ah-why & Co., and I wrote home glowing accounts of the lucrative oranch of business established. It is true that at times we advanced them rather large sums, larger indeed than the Inspector would have approved of had he been on the spot, but they were punctually repaid, and the security given was undeniable. Ah-why & Co. seemed to do an enormous business. Every day messengers passed between us; every day carts of bullion arrived at or departed from our doors; every day rolls of notes amounting to many thousand dollars were exchanged for the hard metal. The advances, however, developed to so great an extent that, satisfied as I was with the soundness and probity of Ah-why & Co., I began to feel a little nervous in the event of such accidents as from time to time startle the commercial world, more especially as once or twice lately I had heard from brokers and other retailers of local gossip one or two little things which did not seem to stow Ah-why & Co. in so brilliant a light as that in which I had invested them.

I was talking to the *comprador* in my room upon this subject one afternoon, and giving it as my opinion that we should draw in our horns a little, when I heard a tremendous row outside. Opening the door, I beheld our *shroffs* engaged in violent altercation with a Chinaman. All were talking as loud as they could, and rattling out uncouth gutturals of the "Flowery Language" with flashing eyes, flushed cheeks, and gesticulations which almost amounted to blow-giving. I inquired the reason. All parties turned on me, and showed me in "pidgin English" their versions of the case.

"Let's have the *shroff* first," I said.

So the *shroff* said: "This man talkee this no belong good note," showing me a piece of paper money. "I talkee he that it belong number one good, and that we no money pay bad notes this side."

"And I say, sir," put in the affronted Chinaman, "that it belong bad note. No can makey pass in that native town. 'Spose I wantchee hundied dollars, that Chinaman in native town talkee: 'No can—belong bad notee.'"

"Well, my friend," said I, "if you think it is a bad note, take another, and don't let us have any more disturbance."

The *comprador* gave him another note from a different box, and he went away, not without turning it over and over, however, as if he suspected further foul play on our part. After a few minutes another Chinaman came in, and there was further altercation; then another and another, until the little vestibule of the bank was filled with an angry, clamoring mob. This was more than an accident, so I rushed into the *comprador's* department and seized the note-boxes. "Who presented these notes for payment?" I asked.

"The messenger from Ah-why & Co.," was the answer.

I started back and repeated: "Ah-why & Co." I examined every note. They appeared genuine, and I could not detect the slightest flaw in them; but I knew that what my little practiced eye failed to see, the keen glance of a native, ever on the alert for deception and foul play, would detect in a minute.

"Couldn't you see that they were not good?" I asked the *comprador*.

"No, sir," he replied, with unruffled dignity. "Spose man pay in large lot of notes, no can see if each one belong ploper."

"Well," I said, "we must pay these fellows, and keep every note."

Full of wrath and disgust I retired to my room and called in Heygate. We consulted for a long time together, and finally resolved to send for the European sergeant of police.

Sergeant Thomas Orthwaite, a huge Yorkshireman, appeared in due course of time.

"Look here, Orthwaite," I said, when the big man had settled himself on to the extreme edge of the smallest chair in the room. "We've rather a nasty business on hand here. I want you to go down to the office of Ah-why & Co., in the native town, keep your eyes about you, and report if anything unusual is going on there. Don't show yourself too much, but dodge amongst the crowd in ordinary clothes."

"All right, sir," said Orthwaite.

"And," said I, "if you should see one of the partners you know the man I mean—just ask him politely but firmly to step up here and see me—in fact, bring him with you."

The worthy sergeant saluted and left the room.

"Meanwhile," I said to Heygate, "tell the *comprador* I want to see him."

Heygate went out, and reappeared the next moment with a face expressive of the blankest astonishment. "The *comprador* can't be found," said he.

"Can't be found!" I echoed. "Nonsense. Shut every door, and don't let a soul in or out."

None of the *shroffs* who sat cowering in a corner, impassive, unenergetic and irritatingly calm, could tell us anything about him, except that he had left the office about ten minutes before, taking his keys with him. We examined the silver in the treasury—especially the last installment of Ahwhy & Co.'s deposit money. Every box weighed correctly; the top 'shoes' of silver were there, but underneath them, in every one of twenty boxes, were bars of iron and lead! Against this so-called silver, and in payment of notes tendered to us, accepted by us, paid out by us and returned as forgeries, Messrs. Ah-why & Co. had received in all about fifty thousand dollars. I had never felt before, and hope shall never feel again, the shame and humiliation which I experienced when I discovered that I had walked absolutely and calmly into a trap. I could have thrown myself into the great yellow river in my mortification, and was wandering up and down the passage with my hands pressed tight to my brows, meditating some desperate move or other, when there came a loud knock at the outer door, and I let in Sergeant Orthwaite.

"Well, Sergeant," I said, "what news?"

"There ain't been such a firm as Ah-why & Co. at the house you mentioned to me, not for a week," replied Orthwaite. "The shutters be up, and nosbody doan't know nothing about them. But I told you who I see, though, and that was that ere young Portygoose you used to have in the bank."

I saw it all. My two *compradors* and Manero were Ah-why & Co. The mandarin of Un-chang was party to the game, and so were the hatches of friends who were so fond of looking at my treasury. Now that I was pretty sure as to the identity of my foes—of all but the respectable gentleman who called upon me in the first instance on the part of Ah-why & Co.—I might get hold of them, but to regain the lost treasure was another matter. I knew, however, that they had been paid in hard dollars and sycee silver, which they could hardly as yet have had time to get rid of, so I instructed Orthwaite to have his men on the lookout at every possible point of exit, and sent a message to the captain of Her Majesty's gunboat Crasher, lying in the river, asking him to keep his eye on the water-side movement.

Then Heygate dined with me at the *schichong*, and we talked over matters together. Heygate was a thoroughly good fellow, and had been an old chum of mine at Halleybury. We had stuck to each other through our Eastern careers, and I felt towards him as a confidant and an equal, rather than as a subordinate. After dinner we lit our cigars and strolled down to the Bund, seeing that the watchmen were at their posts, and that all was shut up securely; for we had enjoined the strictest secrecy upon all connected with the bank, and were pretty sure that as yet Ah-why & Co. could not have heard of the discovery of their little game.

Hankow Bund cuts but a poor figure when compared with that which rears its magnificent front to the river at Shanghai. One end is bounded by the offices and wharves of the various shipping companies, whilst the British consulate terminates the other extremity. Between these two points Heygate and I walked, talking over the event of the day, and making plans for immediate action. It was a calm, clear winter's night, extremely cold, but without wind. Every sound from the ships moored in midstream, from the brilliantly-lighted rooms of the houses facing the Bund, and from the cookedens of the native city, rang out clearly and distinctly; the stars shone as they only shine in the far-eastern sky, and a cold, thin moon threw a ray over the turbid waters of the mighty river rolling on to the sea.

We had walked up and down for more than an hour, and were turning to go home at the consulate end of the Bund, when we heard voices close by us We listened, and the words "Bank," "Heygate," and my own name was distinct. We could not see the speakers, but from the sound of their voices guessed that they were on the mud-beach under the Bund wall. Clinging to a sort of instinctive hope that we were on the point of discovering something new about our bank affair, we crouched down and worked ourselves gradually to the Bund wall. Heygate, as the smaller man, looked over. He waited about five minutes, beckoned to me, and pointed to a sampan, or small boat, grounded on the mud, and to the three figures of Hai-ling, his successor, and the partner of Ah-why & Co. They were talking in "pidgin English," as do natives of distant parts of China to each other, and so animated and absorbing was their conversation that they did not notice a slip of mine which very nearly precipitated me on to their heads. We listened with breathless interest, and learned that Hai-ling's successor had been telling them of the scene at the bank when the forged notes were discovered, and that they were concocting a plan of escape. We heard much about a certain large junk which was lying off Wu-chang, and of which the movements were to be ruled by signals from the Hankow shore. Was it not very possible, I thought, that this junk, which probably had our dollars on board, was to convey them down the river, out of reach of justice?

Every minute was of value to us, so I whispered to Heygate to slip off to the bank, about which I knew Orthwaite was lurking, to tell him of our suspicions, and to bring him to us. As Heygate crept away, the clock on the Bund struck eleven; the moon was down, and thick darkness settled over the scene. I waited, watched and listened. The partner of Ah-why & Co.—or as I shall call him for greater convenience, Ah-why—produced what seemed to be a map, and over this, with the aid of a small paper lantern, the three men pored and argued for several minutes. Finally, they seemed to agree upon a plan; the map was shut up, and they made a move towards the sampan. It was an anxious moment for me, as I was alone, and imagined that they were about to slip out of my grasp; but, unarmed as I was, I made up my mind to prevent their embarkation at any cost. So I raised myself on one knee, ready to spring out. To my intense relief they hauled the sampan higher out of the mud, made it fast to a ring in the Bund wall, and slowly passed along the shore towards some steps by which they would ascend to the Bund.

Directly they were out of hearing, I jumped down, cut the rope, and sent the sampan drifting down the rapid stream. This done, I was scrambling up to the Bund again, when my eye caught sight of a white paper on the ground; striking a match I saw that it was a letter written in Chinese characters, and, although it was Hebrew to me, I folded it up and put it in my pocket. Scarcely had I reached the Buud when Heygate returned, bringing with him Orthwaite.

The lantern still betrayed the whereabouts of the three Chinamen, so after them we went, the darkness favoring our movements. As we went, I told the sergeant all that we had seen, and what I had done. Not a man of many words, he expressed complete approval and delight, by sundry grunts and tremendous slaps on the chest.

"Now," said he, when I had finished, "them three chaps are going into Ah-loo's grogshop. If you gentlemen don't mind just keeping your eyes on them and staying under this josshouse gate, I'll step off and get some of my best men"—by which the worthy sergeant intimated that he would return with the whole police force of Hankow, mustering in full, half-a-dozen.

"Just before you go, sergeant," I said, pulling out the piece of paper I had picked up, "tell me if this is of any value. I can't translate it, and I know you can read a little Chinese."

Orthwaite took the paper, and examining it under a lamp, expressed the most complete satisfaction. "We've got 'em beautiful," he almost shouted. "This ere's a letter from the skipper of the junk off Wuchang. He says if our friends in the grogshop don't look alive the Wu-chang customs folk will be aft r the dollars they've got aboard—your dollars, gentlemen, as sure as my name's Jim Orthwaite. Now, please stop here; I won't be long, and I know that if them chaps have gone into Ahloo's it's to get a little courage into them, which they'll be some time doing, I'm thinking."

In a quarter of an hour the sergeant returned with three European constables—Yorkshiremen like himself—and three smart looking Chinamen. We consulted, and the sergeant gave us a revolver each, retaining a huge navy cutlass for himself.

"Not that we shall want em, gentlemen, but the sight of them may cool yon chaps' pluck. Besides, the crew of the junk are just as likely to be armed as not."

We felt uncommonly like a band of smugglers or perventive men as we stood there in the darkness, storing our pistols and talking in whispers, and rather prayed for a brush than otherwise. John Orthwaite was completely in his element; he had been many years in Her Majesty's navy, and the police duties of dull, respectable Hankow were monotonous in the extreme to a man who had served at the Greenhill battery before Sebastopol. It was the same with the man into the breach of the Taku forts.

"Now, lads," said he to his men, "run out silently the four-oared galley, and steer to that junk with the red light, dodge about between the ships, and don't let yourselves be seen. I'll be after you in the pair-oar."

The men replied with an "Ay, ay, Sergeant," and in a very few minutes we saw them pulling up against an eight-knot tide.

Very soon after the three Chinamen issued from the grog-shop—not exactly intoxicated, but well fortified, and talking with more vociferation than discretion. We jumped back into the obscurity of the temple porch, and allowed them to proceed down the Bund, following them on the shadow of the trees. Arrived at the spot where they had tied up the sampan, they found nothing but a bit of tattered rope hanging to the ring, and their surprise and disgust took the form of tremendous execrations and violent gesticulation. Back they turned, evidently with the intention of getting a craft from the town, and we followed them, resolved not to lose sight of them for a moment. We watched them descend to the water's side, and heard them wake up the owner of a sampan and haggle with him. Then we jumped into our pair-oar—Heygate and I pulling, whilst the sergeant took the rudder lines.

"Wait a bit, gentlemen," said he; "I want to see them start, and then up with the boat!"

Very soon a sampan glided out from the mass of vessels lying alongside the quay and proceeded up-stream. Dodging amongst the ships, we fetched the Wu-chang shore unobserved, and some time before the Chinamen; the galley lay snugly hanging on by its boat hook to the side of a big junk, and we were soon by her side. We waited, saw the sampan drift silently down towards the junk with the red light, heard voices as in challenge and reply, and observed the three Chinamen climb on board. Then came the rattle of the windlass, and we knew that our opportunity had arrived.

We dropped alongside, made the boats fast, and jumped on to the junk. At first we thought there would be a shindy, for several very ugly looking fellows, armed to the teeth, ran towards us; but the apparition of the big sergeant with his cutlass, and of our revolver barrels, checked their ardor. We caught Mr. Hai-ling and his successor just as they were slipping over the side of the junk into the sampan. Mr. Ah-why tried the same dodge also, but I caught him with one hand by the arm, and with the other by the pigtail, which, coming off in my hand, enabled me to recognize in the disguised Chinaman our late clerk Manerol. No wonder, when he first appeared in my private room at the bank, to open the business connection on behalf of the great firm of Ah-why & Co., that I was struck by his resemblance to some one I could not recall.

The agony of the three men at thus being checkmated was at once pitiable and ludicrous. We tied them together in a corner and put an English constable over them, and there they sat, writhing and moaning and crying like whipped children. The crew of the junk, seeing us in such indisputable possession, yielded without any further bother. Heygate went ashore to lodge information at the British consul's office, while I, with the others, remained on board.

At daybreak we commenced the operation of searching the junk. Beneath a cleverly contrived layer of wine-tubs and tea-chests we found the dollars and sycee silver, just as they had been taken from the safe; that clumsy attempts had been made to erase the bank's marks and numbers.

To cut a long story short, Hai-ling and his companions were turned over to the "mercy" of the Chinese court of justice, and would certainly never have seen another sun rise but for the intercession of the British consul and ourselves. John Orthwaite received a very substantial reward for his services, and only regrets one fact in the business—that there was no fighting. Heygate and I still pull together, and are often called upon to tell the story of Hai-ling.

BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN.

The women seem inclined to beard the lion in its den, and polygamy in its hall. They have started an anti-polygamy paper in Salt Lake City. It is entitled "The Anti-Polygamy Standard," and it has for its motto, "Let every man have his own wife and let every woman have her own husband," 1 Cor., 7, 8. In its latest number it makes an appeal to the women of America. The following is part of the appeal:

We have good authority for asserting that more polygamous marriages have taken place in Utah during 1880 than in any year since the settlement of the Territory. Every girl thus sacrificed on the unclean altars of this abominable system, miscalled religion, is somebody's daughter. Mothers, we appeal to you, by the love you bear to your own daughters, to help us in our efforts to prevent these hideous sacrifices.

Every wife whose home has been desecrated by these polygamous alliances has a woman's heart, capable of all the sufferings which you would experience if her lot were yours. In behalf of these victims of polygamy, helpless victims in many cases, because they have little children who would be left to starve if the mother's rebelled, we appeal to every beloved and honored wife who to-day sits safely in the shelter of a happy home to aid in our work.

THE INFINITE.

[From the Italian of Leopardi.]

I love this little quiet upland croft,
This hedge that shows clear-cut against the sky,
The interminable fields of space beyond,
The deep, far-spreading silence and repose;
And as I sit and gaze I think that soon
Within that realm my heart no more will fear.
I hear the light susurrus of the wind
Among the leaves—a whispered word amid
The everlasting silence of the sky;
This whisper with that silence I compare,
And strong my spirit grows within my breast;
Death seems the gateway to eternal life,
These voices are the whispers of the All.
Thus, like a barque that sinks beneath the waves,
In this immensity my thought is lost,
And shipwreck in this sea to me is sweet.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

[From the French of Jules Claretie.]

My father used to live at Rethel, in the high street, in a house I can still see before my eyes with its slate roof and projecting beams, a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor folks knew the way to it. They entered with their wallet empty and went away with it full. We were all seated one night at the fireside; my father was smoking his pipe and watching the fire burn, my mother was ironing and I was reading, when we heard a noise at the door, and saw enter a boy with frightened looks.

"What is the matter?"

"It is a soldier very tired who has just fallen exhausted before the door."

My father loved soldiers. He rose brusquely, ran out, and there he was, before I had taken a step, coming in again with a young soldier leaning upon him, or, rather, my father had taken him up and was carrying him like a sack of corn.

My mother hastened to draw the bi armchair up to the fire. The soldier was made to sit, or rather to recline in it, and my father said, looking at the poor fellow:

"Is it possible! Walking in that state!"

The fact is that the soldier was very thin and pale, his hair flattened on his forehead, the veins of his temples beat as your little finger, his face black with dust. We were then in the month of October, and the weather was beginning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow was, nevertheless, sweating big drops, as if it had been dog days. He must have had a long tramp; his shoes were in shreds; you could see where the stones had torn the leather; the left foot was bleeding. The soldier did not seem to be interested in the arm-chair with his head thrown back, his eyes half open and white as a sheet.

My mother had already put some soup on the fire and a pan full of wine.

"Bah," said my father, "the first thing to be looked after is the feet!"

And kneeling down he began to tear and cut away the shreds of leather. The soldier's feet, all swollen and full of blisters, looked like the feet of the martyrs, swollen with pain and wealed by hard chords, which we see in the pictures of the Spanish painters.

My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar and washed the wounds.

"You," he said to me, "make some lint."

And I began to tear up some old linen that my mother had taken out of the big cupboard.

Meanwhile the soldier had come to himself. He looked at us, at my father, mother and myself, and the two or three neighbors who had come in one after the other. His wandering eyes seemed to interrogate everything. It was no longer the road, the stones, the great deserted wood; he saw before him, but a gay room, with a ceiling of shining oak, a cloth on the table, a knife and fork laid, and a brown earthenware soup-bowl emitting a savory smell of cabbage soup.

Then he raised himself up, leaning on the arms of the chair, and said to my father, with confused emotion:

"Ah! monsieur! But you do not know me!"

"Ah! well that does not matter; we will become acquainted at table."

We had already dined, but my father wished to bear the soldier company. He sat down to table opposite him, as it were bringing over to him, and looking at the regimental buttons that shone on his dress. The soldier ate and ate heartily; my mother served him. My father took charge of the wine, and the glass did not long remain empty.

"Well," said my father, suddenly, pointing to the tin box that the soldier carried slung on a cord, "you have finished your time, for there is your congé. Then why do you go and kill yourself by toiling along the highway? I see how the matter stands. You have no money to pay for the diligence?"

"I?" replied the soldier. "I have received my pay and my bounty, and my mother had sent me enough to pay for a seat in the coupe, if I had liked. But I could not."

"I understand," said my father, who did not understand at all. Then he asked for another bottle of wine.

When the meal was over the soldier tried to walk. He tottered, uttered a smothered cry and fell back into the chair. I then saw a tear in his eye. He was a young man, handsome, but nervous, dark and with an energetic look. He was not a man to shed a tear for a little, and that tear puzzled me.

"Ah," he said with a movement in which there was a little anger and a good deal of grief: "I shall not be able to walk until tomorrow morning!"

"Walk!" cried my mother, terrified.

The soldier shook his head.

"You don't know, you; I must."

It was a vow.

In our Ardennes those primitive souls have respect and faith. I saw my father look at the young man in the face without astonishment and with mute interro ation.

"Yes," said the soldier, "I will tell you the whole story. You have, perhaps, saved my life; I ought, at least, to tell you who I am. My name is Jean Chevaucheux, and my father is a wood splitter at Mezieres. He is an honest man, like you, Monsieur. Seven years ago, when I drew for the conscription, I was madly in love with Marguerite Servan, a good hearty girl and a pretty one. I had already asked her in marriage, and her father had not said no; but you see, Pierre Puvioux had asked her in marriage at the same time that I did. Pierre Puvioux is a man of my age, who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is, gay and well looking. I ought to have detested him, and he has remained my friend! Well, Father Servan said to me as he held out his hand:

"'You are worthy to be my son-in-law, my lad; but first of all you must please my daughter.'

"'I will ask her.'

"Marguerite, when asked, said that she would gladly consent to be my wife. But she said the same when they talked to her about Puvioux. She loved both of us, one as much as the other; she hesitated, she did not dare to decide. But she could not marry both of us.

"Time went on. When the time of the conscription came we drew lots, Puvioux and I, on the same day. I had number three and he had number seven, and so we both of us became soldiers. For a moment I was in a state of great fright, I confess. People at Mezieres said that Puvioux had a rich aunt, and that she would buy him off. If Puvioux did not join the army, Puvioux would marry Marguerite, and I, knowing that I would be obliged to go, for I was poor—I thought I already heard the fiddler at the wedding, rending my ears and my heart.

"I must tell you that Marguerite Servan has not her equal. If I lost her now, after having waited seven years for her, upon my honor, I think I should blow out my brains!

"Luckily Pierre Puvioux was not bought off. His aunt died leaving debts instead of fortune. He had not a penny any more than I had! We were obliged to shoulder our guns, and we were expected on our way-bill every moment. One night Father Servan took us each by the arm and led us to an inn, and this is what he said to us as we emptied a bottle of Moselle wine:

"'My boys, you are good and honest Ardannais, equal in merit. I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my son-in-law; that is understood. Margurite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Puvioux, or for you, Chevaucheux, but she loves both of you, and she will make happy the one whom fortune shall choose. These are the conditions on which one of you shall marry my daughter—you start on the same day, it is probable that you will return on the same day. Well, the one who first comes and shakes hands with Father Servan, and says: 'Here I am, my time is out,' he, I swear, shall be the husband of Marguerite.'

"I was astonished; I thought that I had misunderstood. I looked at Pierre Puviour and he looked at me, and although we were sad enough at heart, we were certainly ready to burst out laughing.

"But Father Servan was not joking. He had discovered this means of getting out of the difficulty and he meant to stick to it. I held out my hand and swore to act neither by ruse nor violence, and to let Pierre Puviour marry Marguerite if he returned to Mezieres before I did. Pierre stood up and swore the same, and then we shook hands while Father Servan said: 'Now the rest is your affair. The only thing is to escape bullets and to return safe and sound.'

"He filled our glasses, and once more we drank a parting draught.

"Before leaving I wished to see Marguerite. Just as I was arriving under her window—it was at dusk—I saw some one in the shade coming in the same direction. I stopped short. It was Pierre Puviour. He seemed vexed to find me there. I was not particularly pleased to meet him. We stood there for a moment like two simpletons looking at the toes of our boots. Then with a movement of courage I said to Puviour:

"'Shall we go in together?'

"We entered and took our farewell of Marguerite. She listened to us without saying anything, but there were tears at the tips of her blonde eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was talking, stopped and began to sob and I to do the same. Then Marguerite joined in, and there we were all three shedding tears and pressing each other's hands.

"When the diligence that took us away from Mezieres began to rattle on the pavement the next day I felt inclined to throw myself down from the imperial and get crushed under the wheels. The more so as there was a Lorrainer at my side who was singing in a melancholy voice a song of his country, and I said to myself: 'It is all over, Jean; you will never see her again.'

"Well, you see. Time passes. The seven years are over and who knows? Perhaps I am not only going to see her again, but to marry her.

"There are indeed strange chances in life," continued Jean Chevaucheux. "Pierre and I started on the same day and at the same hour, and we were placed in the same regiment. At first I was vexed. I should have liked to have known that he was far away. As you may imagine I could not love him much. But I reflected afterwards that if Puviour was with me I could at least talk about her. That consoled me. Well, I said to myself, I am in for seven years of it. After all, one gets over it.

"In the regiment I became a fast friend of Pierre Puviour. He proved to be an excellent good fellow, and at night, in order to kill time, we used often to talk of Mezieres, of Father Servan and of Marguerite. We used to write to Mezieres often, but each told the other the contents of his letters. When Marguerite or old Servan replied the letter was for both of us. An equal dose of hope was given to each of us, and so we went on hoping.

"One day the colonel took it into his head to appoint me corporal. I was vexed and proud at the same time. You see I was no longer the equal of Puviour. My stripes gave me the right to command him, and in the eyes of our Ardennais that was no small matter. But I did not glory in my rank. I was on the contrary, it made me ill at ease. I did not dare to talk to Puviour any more. Then I reflected that there were more ways than one of getting rid of my new rank. I neglected my rank and was forthwith degraded. But who should be made corporal in my stead but Puviour. But Puviour was not to be outdone; at the end of a week he resigned. After that there was no danger of any propositions being made to us to make any change in our uniform. We were condemned to remain common soldiers.

"So much the better,' said Puviour. 'What luck!' said I.

"When we had served our seven years—for I do not mean to tell you our history day by day—I said to Puviour:

"'Well, now is the time to start, eh?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'we are expected.'

"'You know,' I said, 'the game will not be finally won until both of us have arrived at Mezieres, and until the loser has declared that the combat has been loyal.'

"'Agreed,' said Puviour.

"And so one morning with good shoes on our feet and stick in hand, we set out for Mezieres from Angiers, not saying much, thinking a good deal and walking above everything. The weather was terribly hot and dusty. Half way on one of our marches I sat down on the roadside overwhelmed with fatigue.

"'Are you going to stay there?' said Puviour to me.

"'Yes.'

"'Adieu!' he said, continuing his march.

"'Au revoir!'

"I watched him as he went on with a firm step as if he had only just started. When I saw him disappear at a bend of the road, and when I was once alone—as it were abandoned,—I felt a great despair. I made an effort. I rose and began to walk again. That little halt had done me good. I walked, walked, and walked, until I had caught up with Puviour and passed him.

"At night, too, I was well ahead, but I was worn out. I entered an inn to sleep a little. I slept all night. In the morning I woke up. I saw that the day was getting on; I was furious and called some one.

"'You have not seen a soldier pass on foot?'

"'Yes, Monsieur le Militaire, very late last night. He asked for a glass of water.'

"'Ah! I was outstripped in my turn! I started very hurriedly. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I had not caught up to Puviour, nor at 6 o'clock either. At night I took my rest while I ate, and started to walk again. I walked a good part of the night, but my strength had limits. Once more I stopped. I knocked at an inn. The door opened, and there sitting in a chair I saw Puviour, pale as death. He made a movement of displeasure when he saw me, that was natural. We did not talk much. What could we say? We were both tired! The great thing was to know who should get up first in the morning. It was I.

"The next morning was this morning. Since this morning I have been walking, taking a rest now and then, but only a very short one. We are very close. Rethel is the last stage between Angiers and Mezieres. I know my map of France now! The last stage! Good heavens, if I have arrived too late!"

"And Pierre Puviour," asked my father, "has he caught you up?"

"No," replied Chevaucheux, "I am ahead! If I could start now I should be saved."

"Start? In this state! Impossible!"

"I know—my feet are swollen and cut—and provided that tomorrow—"

"To-morrow you will be rested. You will be able to walk!"

"Do you think so?" with a look as ardent as lightning.

"I promise you?"

My father then advised the soldier to go to bed. Chevaucheux did not refuse. The bed was ready. He shook hands with us and went up to his room. It was 10 o'clock.

"I will wake you at 5 o'clock," said my father.

It was not yet daylight on the following morning when my father, up already, looked out of the window to see how the weather was. While he was at the window he heard some heavy footsteps in the yard below, and in the obscure twilight that precedes daybreak he perceived a soldier waiking in the direction of Mezieres.

"Up already?" said my father.

The soldier stopped.

"Well," continued my father, "are you off?"

The soldier looked up and tried to make out, who was speaking to him.

"You are Jean Chevaucheux, are you not?" asked my father.

"No," said the soldier," I am Pierre Puviour!"

And as if that name of Chevaucheux had been the prick of a spur, he resumed his walk more rapidly and was soon lost in the obscurity. When my father could no longer see him he could hear the noise of his shoes on the road leading to Mezieres.

"Ah!" said my father to himself, "Chevaucheux must be sharp if he means to catch up to the man." And he went straight to the room where Jean had slept. He was already up and looking at his feet by the light of a candle.

"Victory!" he cried, when he saw my father; "I feel fresh and strong, and I suffer no more. En route!"

"And quickly!" replied my father. "Puviour has just passed through Rethel."

"Pierre Puviour?"

"I have just spoken to him. He passed under our window, going along as if the evil one were after him."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Chevaucheux as if he had been struck down. He repeated once more: "Ah, mon Dieu!" Then he buckled on his knapsack and cried: "After all, what you have told me gives me courage. Let me off!"

In the room below, my mother, already up, was filling a wallet with provisions for Chevaucheux. But he refused. He was not hungry. Nevertheless he let her fill him a flask of brandy, and putting on a pair of my father's shoes he started, blessing my mother and leaning on my father's arm to take the first step.

Three or four years after this we heard no news of Chevaucheux. We used often to talk of that evening when the soldier had come into our house bleeding and weary. What had been the end of that romance of love so strangely begun?

One day my father had to go to Mezieres on business. He took me with him. At Mezieres he wished to enter the first barber shop that he saw to get shaved. On the door-step a little child was sitting with its legs apart and smiling at the sun.

"Will you allow me to pass?" asked my father, laughingly.

"No I won't!" replied the child with a little lisp.

At that moment the door opened and a man in his shirt-sleeves appeared—the father—and took the child up in his arms, saying:

"Pierre! Pierre! do you want to drive away the customers?"

I recognised the voice and so did my father. We looked at the barber. The barber looked at us. It was Jean Chevaucheux.

He laid the child down at once and held out his hand. His face was all red and beaming with pleasure.

"What, is it you? * * * * Ah! and to think that I have never written to you. * * * Ah! you don't know. * * * It is I who married her—I arrived first."

And rushing into the back shop, "Marguerite! Marguerite!" "Come! come!"

He was wild with joy. A young woman appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a little sad.

"You do not know?" said Chevaucheux to her. "It was this gentleman who took care of me so well at Rethel the night before I arrived at your father's house. * * * Ah! you often and often talked to you about him. * * * This is the gentleman."

Marguerite fixed her large calm eyes upon us, saluted us, and thanked us softly; then, as her husband continued to evoke the past, she looked at him tenderly with a look that supplicated and was not without reproach. But Jean saw nothing.

"Ah! it is to you that I owe my happiness, monsieur!—my child, my little boy, look at him, my little Pierre! It was my wife who wished that he should have that name! Isn't he a fine boy? and strongly built! and my shop is going on first-rate. My wife! I adore! and all this I owe to you!——"

"And the other?" asked I, imprudently.

"The other!" said Chenaucheux.

He curled his lower lip, did not see that Marguerite turned her head away and answered:

"Pierre Puviour? Poor fellow! He arrived second, and that very evening—it made me cry, I can't tell you—that very evening—he threw himself into the river."

PATROLLING BARNEGAT.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running;
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant
under-tone muttering;
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing
and pealing;
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity
lashing;
Out in the shadows there, milk-white combs cascreering;